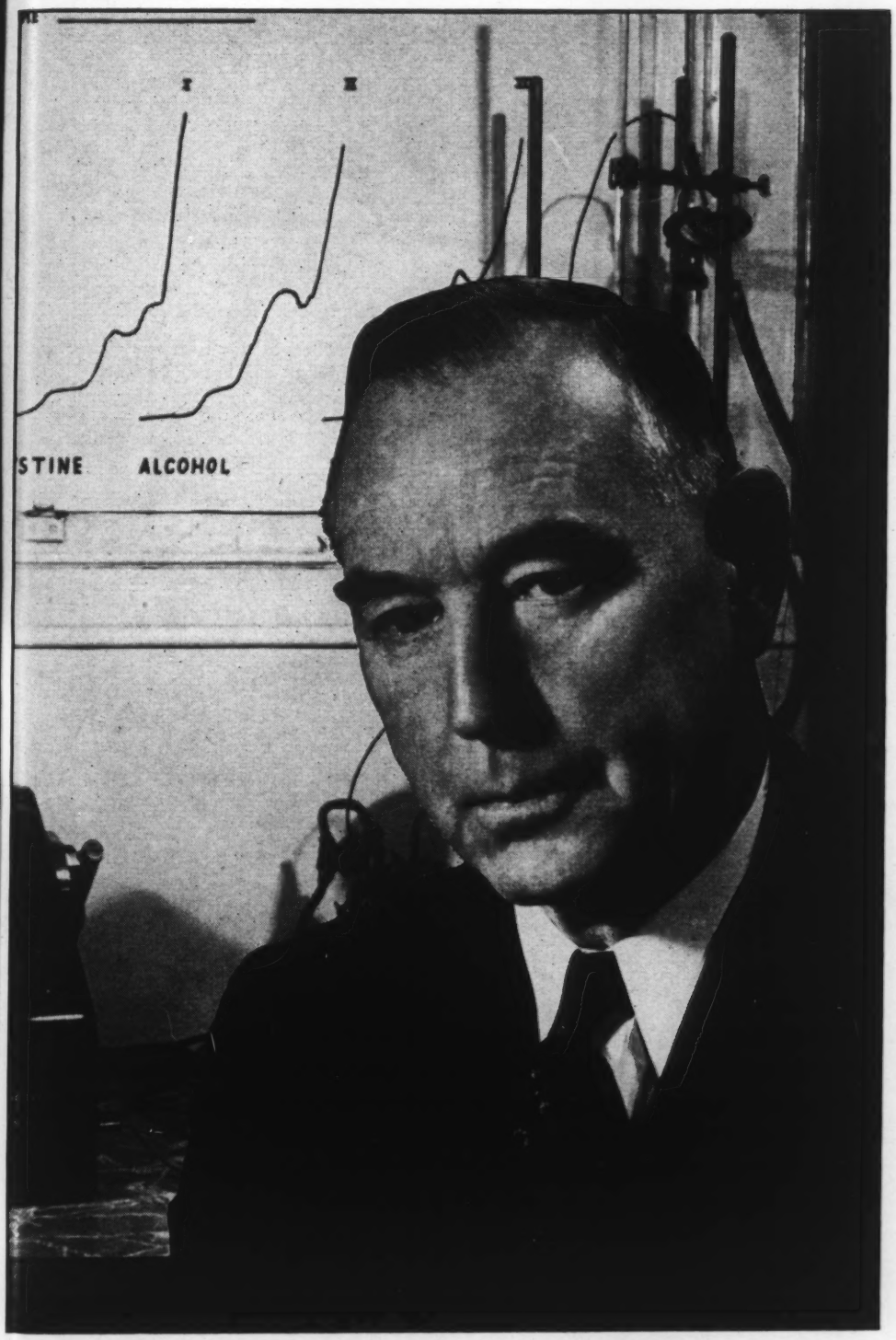
Saturday Night

JUNE 11TH 1955 TEN CENTS



Dr. T. C. Routley: Administration and medicine (Page 35).

The Front Page

Up until very recently, most dentists were crying out against soft drinks and chewing gum. These were the villains, they said, which were causing all sorts of damage to children's teeth. They were quite positive about it, but apparently they made up their minds too hastily; experiments in the United States, Britain and Sweden have shown that pop and gum are comparatively harmless — high concentrations of sugar, taken in solution, have little effect on the teeth. Now the dentists (all but a few nonconformists, generally described as crackpots) are carrying on another crusade, for the artificial fluoridation of water. Municipalities should act at once, they say, to buy and install the necessary equipment. What's the rush? Would it not be wise to make sure that there will be fewer second thoughts about fluoridation than there have been about soft drinks?

Man of Silence

If Prime Minister St. Laurent is looking for a graceful way to ease Revenue Minister McCann out of the cabinet, he has only to think about the unfilled seats in the Senate. Dr. McCann, a man of impressive bearing, and even more impressive silences, would make a fine figure of a senator—much finer, probably, than he has made as a minister. It may be, of course, that Dr.

Civil Defence and Your Life
By Harvey W. Adams: Page 7

First it warms your heart...

(That Thunderbird Styling!)

It's amazing how just *looking* at the '55 Ford gives so many people that wonderful feeling. And why not? For there's "Thunderbird" written in almost every line . . . from the hooded headlights to the flat rear deck. Inside, you'll see exciting colour harmonies in unusual, durable fabrics. All in all, there isn't a more *pleasing* car in sight.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

McCann would rather drop back to the simple status of a private member, or even retire from politics to devote all his time to his duties as a director of a trust company. But the Prime Minister should see to it that he makes some sort of choice that will remove him from ministerial rank.

As Minister of National Revenue (or perhaps as director of the trust company), Dr. McCann became the central figure in the messy Affair of the Photostats — the squalid incident involving documents uncovered during examination of a dead man's estate, indicating that the Conservative member of the Ontario Legislature for Dr. McCann's own riding had failed to report a substantial contribution to his campaign funds for the provincial election in 1951. Preserving an eloquent silence in response to questions about his conduct in that affair, Dr. McCann went on about his duties, one of which is to "be responsible for" operations of the CBC when these are being discussed by Parliament or parliamentary committees.

Dr. McCann dropped in on the committee the other day when it was trying to get the details of the granting of a licence for a television station in St. John's, Newfoundland. The CBC apparently had wanted to build the station but there was a "high policy decision" to leave it to private interests. Tom Goode, Liberal member for Burnaby-Coquitlam wanted to know why private interests should be favored on one coast and not on the other. He also wanted to know how many applications for TV licences had been submitted from British Columbia. "On a question of privilege, Mr. Chairman," Dr. McCann intervened. "That is a matter of private business." Mr. Goode pointed out that such information had been given in the past, but Dr. McCann was adamant: what mattered was the present; details of private business should not be revealed.

Here again Dr. McCann was ignoring questions that, in the public interest, demanded answers. He is leaving too much unsaid, and his silences amount to contempt for responsible government. That is enough to disqualify him as a cabinet minister.

Executives at Home

One of the bits of advice given ambitious young business executives at a meeting in Toronto the other day was to choose their wives with great care. If the wife is not a charming and fluent hostess, is not prepared to move her home to another city at any time and isn't a virtuously decorative symbol of financial success, her husband's chances of getting past the lower rungs of the executive ladder apparently are pretty slight. But there are obvious complications — motherhood, for

The Front Page

example, and obligations of family. What is needed for executives, perhaps, is a refinement of the old Greek custom of entertainment by courtesans, those accomplished, intelligent women whose minds were as lively as their appearance was attractive. In this way, the boss would always be sure about the quality of his company's entertainment, and the wife could go about her job of making a home for her husband.

At the Summit

No matter how much the statesmen of Britain and North America try to discourage over-optimism about the possible results of the forthcoming "talks at the summit" between the leaders of the Big Four, there is no denying the surge of bright hope that has been swelling to new crests throughout the West. The reason for it is obvious. For the first time in nearly a decade, Russia appears to be ready to back words with action, having already made concessions ranging from a treaty with Austria to new and more reasonable proposals for disarmament. Some of the chill has left the cold war, and the Big Four talks may decide if we're in for a spell of more temperate international weather.

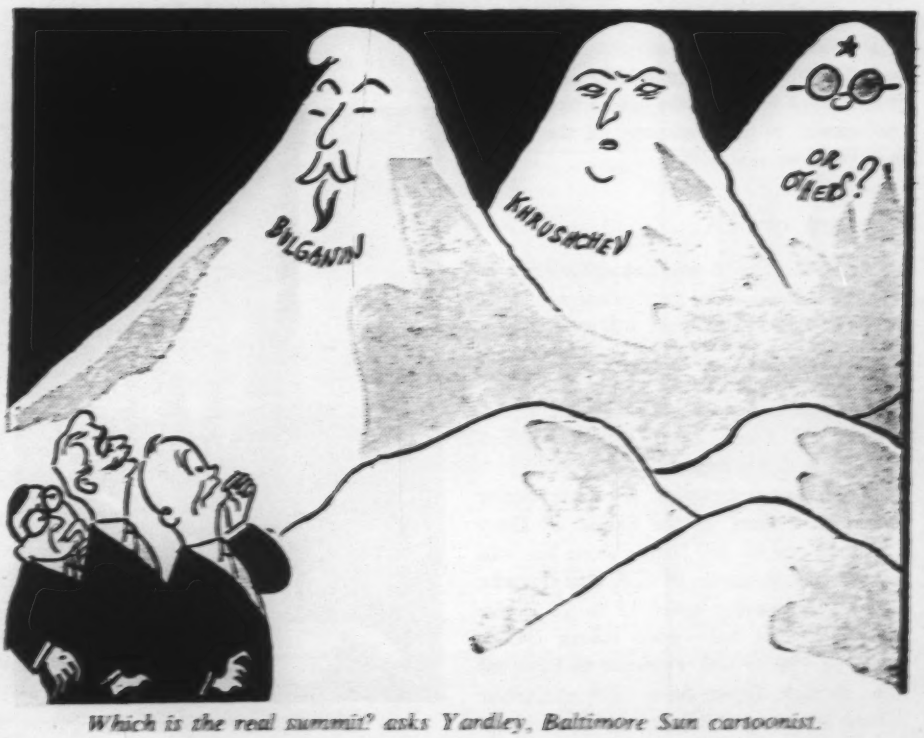
The men "at the summit" themselves do not know how much can be achieved during the talks, but before the meeting is finished the representatives of the West should at least be much closer to the answer to a question that has been puzzling them: who, in Russia, is at the summit? The impression of many professional diplomats is that the Soviet Union now is ruled not by a person but by a committee; that while Khrushchev may be the most powerful single member of the group, the most important decisions of domestic and foreign policy are reached by a group that, besides Khrushchev, is made up of Bulganin, Zhukov, Molotov, Mikoyan and Kaganovich.

Had the Big Four talks taken place in the months following Stalin's death, Malenkov would have been at the summit. When he lost power, it is possible that his successors would have thought it necessary to repudiate whatever he had done at the meeting. Now, if it is indeed a committee that rules the Soviet, the chances of the West reaching some stable understanding with the Russians are obviously better than they would be if just one man were fighting to maintain his position at the top of the Communist pyramid.

In any case, it is vitally important to the statesmen of the West to know more about the present character and future prospects of Soviet rule. The Big Four talks will be valuable even if that knowledge is the only thing to be gained.

The Hangman's Tale

Members of the joint parliamentary committee studying capital and corporal punishment now know all the disgusting details of how a legal killing is performed by the state. From one of Canada's official executioners they heard how doctors and coroners are often so drunk at hangings that they make a grim farce



Which is the real summit? asks Yardley, Baltimore Sun cartoonist.

The Front Page

of their official duties; how a man died of a heart attack just before the noose was put around his neck and the corpse was put through the ceremony of execution; how the condemned walk to their fate, "appearing to have passed to another world unknown to us living . . . (sometimes) in a semi-conscious state".

This morbid preoccupation with the method of execution undoubtedly makes excellent copy for the more sensational newspapers, but it is also a disappointing indication that the committee is dodging the basic issue involved in capital punishment. The real question to be answered is not which method of killing is the least painful for the victim but under what circumstances, if any, has the state the right to condemn a man to death?

What is the purpose of the punishment? It cannot be to discourage other potential murderers. The committee has been given plenty of evidence to show that the death penalty is no greater deterrent than life imprisonment. It cannot be a form of revenge—that would condemn society itself as being ruthlessly barbaric. What, then, is the reason for it? That is the question that the committee must answer.

There are other questions. Considering how many cases there have been of innocent men being found guilty of various crimes, how many times have the lives of guiltless persons been snuffed out by the state? Only the Almighty can answer that —but the committee, as representatives of a supposedly enlightened society, must share responsibility for the fatal errors of the future. If the life in a human being is a divine spark, is it any less blasphemous to destroy it in one minute instead of five or ten? Perhaps the committee found the answer in the testimony of the hangman. But we doubt it.

Report on DC

Fearful that it was just some trick of the imagination that made us think we were constantly being followed by little people in coonskin caps who kept chanting endless verses about Davy Crockett, we sent an agent on a mission to discover if there were others similarly afflicted. Herewith his report:

"Recording companies: there are twelve different versions of the Ballad of Davy Crockett; one by Bill Hayes alone has sold over a million copies in U.S. and Canada; stores that usually order 15 to 20 copies of a recording have been taking DC in boxes of 100 to 400; expected to taper off now, though. Quote from sales executive: 'There was something in the news about some department in the U.S. denying that DC mended the crack in the Liberty Bell. When you have to correct the facts in a popular song, it's pretty big.'

"Department stores: one has a DC Trading Post, selling all usual items (holsters, hats, pistols, pants, shirts, powder horns, etc.) and several anachronisms like Crockett T-shirts and swimming trunks, also sort of bib with legend 'Davy Crockett, King of the Diaper Set'; no totals on sales but all agree phenomenal; 'never seen anything like it'; (get set) may last for rest of the year. At final check-point, fat lad (about 12) with mother in tow came past counter, put on coonskin cap, mother snatched it, said 'Touch one more thing I'll bat your ears off'. Fat boy laughed, began to sing Ballad of DC. Mother swung, boy ducked. So did we."

Tight-lipped Tourist

In an uncertain world, it is still safe to assume that a senior British civil servant, especially one treading on the slippery ground of Commonwealth relations, is not going to suffer from rushes of words to the mouth. And to say that Sir Gilbert Laithwaite, KCMG, KCIE, CSI, Her Majesty's Permanent Under Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations in the United Kingdom, was circumspect when we talked with him the other day would be an understatement. He even refused to commit himself to that cliché, so much beloved by visiting bigwigs, about Canada's great role in interpreting the U.S. and the UK to each other (the Golden Hinge).

Still, Sir Gilbert was on a month-long tour of Canada (his first visit here), a journey that he described as "strictly a fact-finding mission", and as such it was something new for his Office and hence in the affairs of the Commonwealth. A stranger should visit a place for either a month or ten years if he wanted to get things in focus, he said, and he was confident that a tight schedule of meetings with government officials and leading businessmen across Canada had given him a good picture of the country.

Sir Gilbert Laithwaite

His work? Well, now, the Office was established in 1947, as a merger of the old Dominions Office and the India Office. The Minister sits in the cabinet—and, in the case of the present Minister, the Earl of Home (pronounced Hume), in the House of Lords. The staff is small; there are almost no routine administrative functions, but close liaison is kept with the Foreign Office and other Departments. So, too, is liaison with the High Commissioners of the Commonwealth countries in London—but it was probably unwise to publicize or elaborate on that procedure. In its relations with the Dominions, the Office must be careful to abide by the constitutional theory that all are equal members of the Commonwealth. (It may have been only our imagination that detected the slightest implication that some are more equal than others.)

Sir Gilbert has had a good deal to do with the shaping of the Commonwealth, having held a succession of jobs dealing with the virtual dissolution of the old Empire and the establishment of new republics, within and without the Commonwealth. At sixty — and looking much younger—he is representative of that small group of senior civil servants who combine the exercise of real power with a tradition of self-effacement.

Mumbled Anthems

A few newspapers picked up Prime Minister St. Laurent's reference to "God Save the Queen" as the "royal" instead of the "national" anthem and tried to whip up a controversy about it, but they did not have any more success than the parliamentarians who got after the PM in the House of Commons. "Did I say that?" was Mr. St. Laurent's bland reply, and the reaction of the greater part of the Canadian public appears to have been, "So what if he did say it?"

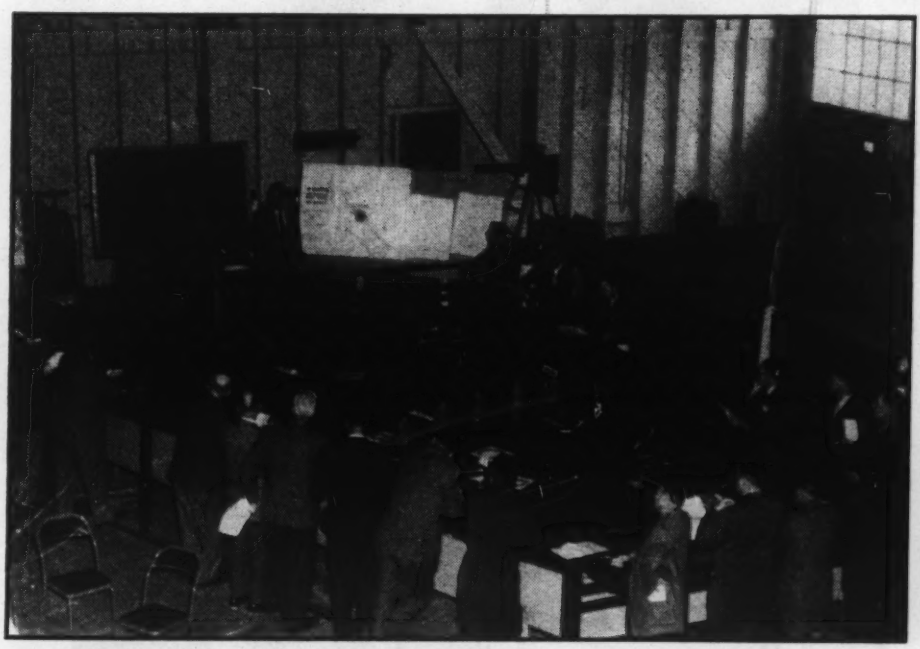
The truth of it seems to be that comparatively few Canadians get excited about anthems of any sort. The point has been made that unless a song is accepted by custom, it cannot be made a national anthem by law. We doubt it. After watching Canadian audiences in various parts of the country mumble their way through "God Save the Queen" and "O Canada", we're inclined to the belief that habit, more than anything else, brings them to their feet and makes them take off their hats—the habit of doing certain things at a certain time. They would go through the same motions if "Home on the Range" were made, by law, the official patriotic hymn.

Canada's Solid Progress in Civil Defence

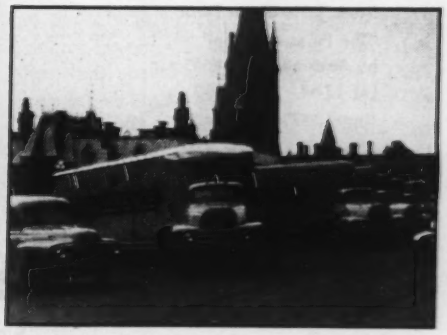
Canadian Civil Defence workers test communications and resources in a continent-wide exercise in co-operation with United States Civil Defence. Here the course of an enemy aerial attack it planned over Canada's northern frontier. The installation of the vast communications system required has accounted for much of the cost. Civil Defence in Canada is based on the premise that cities must be evacuated in a swift but orderly manner and to achieve this the earliest possible warning will be required. Tests already conducted in some cities have established to the satisfaction of the authorities that traffic congestion is not too serious a problem.

Close liason is maintained between United States and Canadian Civil Defence organizations. Here Canadian Civil Defence units cross the International Bridge at Niagara Falls to assist U.S. units in large scale exercises. A premise in Civil Defence is the mutual support which towns and cities must readily accord each other.

Large numbers of evacuees—men, women and children—were fed during a recent Civil Defence test. Civil Defence is, basically, an attempt to organize the human instinct of self-preservation. It offers to each man a chance to save a life if disaster should occur—his own life. But to achieve this the co-operation of the whole community is needed.

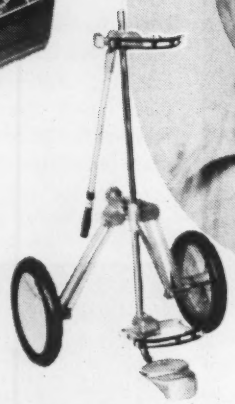


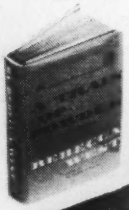
Civil Defence Problems of a typical Canadian harbor are discussed at a study conducted at the Canadian Civil Defence College at Arnprior. Here Civil Defence officers and representatives of shipping companies, longshoremen's organizations, warehousing agencies and the armed forces study a disaster problem on a large-scale "mock up" of Halifax harbor. One problem facing Civil Defence planners is that of low-flying aircraft which may penetrate the radar screen. Across the border the U.S. authorities are busy constructing a series of "Texas towers"—man made, offshore islands which carry anti-aircraft guns to thicken up the defensive fire plan.

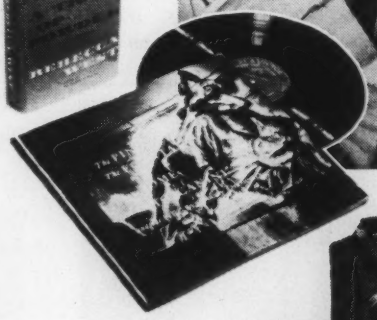


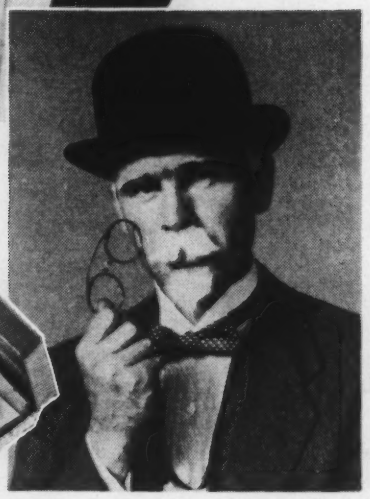
In an effort to tell all Canadians the Civil Defence story, every means has been employed to put across the facts of Civil Defence. Shown above is the gigantic "On Guard Canada" display which toured the country recently and was seen by thousands of people at major centres. Only a few cities refused to co-operate.

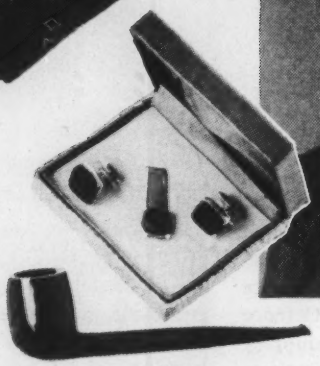
SIMPSON'S HAS THE GIFT FOR *Every* FATHER . . .











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Civil Defence and Your Life

by Harvey W. Adams

A few months ago the United Kingdom civil defence organization published a report which said, in effect, that half-a-dozen H-Bombs, accurately planted on Great Britain, would destroy the major part of her population and would render her crushed and helpless. The civil defence office then stood back and waited for the shocked reaction which they confidently expected would engulf them. It didn't. There was barely a ripple. The press ignored the report. The people, apparently, could not have cared less.

In Canada, the civil defence picture is more encouraging. Our cities are widely scattered. We have lots of wide open spaces. More of our people live in rural areas. And we can expect considerably more than the 30 minutes' warning which is the best the British people can hope for.

But the fact remains that four and a half million people—more than a quarter of Canada's entire population—live and work in eight major commercial, manufacturing and port cities from coast to coast. Of these eight cities, three have strong civil defence organizations. From what we have learned of the H-Bomb, we know that single H-Bombs, dropped *without warning* on these eight cities would wipe out a large proportion of our people and would cripple us as a nation.

This is what would happen *if* we did nothing about it. This is what would happen, in other words, *if* we had no civil defence organization, no plans for disaster and no ability to carry out these plans once they were made. It has frequently been suggested that Canada has no such plans, no organization, no ability to cope with disaster. The truth is that Civil Defence planning is going ahead just as fast as technical data is made available to us by the civil defence organizations of the United States and the United Kingdom and by the Canadian Defence Research Board. These data are studied by top-level civil defence chiefs from federal, provincial and municipal governments and the plans that result are made public just as soon as we can be sure they are practical and workable.

Civil defence planning in Canada is based on one hard inescapable fact of the hydrogen age: the only way to survive is not to be there when it happens. In an H-Bomb attack, therefore, a city has two alternatives—evacuate or die.

We know, from a study of available data about the H-Bomb, that no air-raid shelter, no matter how strong or how deep, will provide sure protection closer than six miles to an H-Bomb burst. Evacuation, therefore, is not the best of several alternatives. It is the only alternative with any hope of saving life.

Harvey W. Adams is Director of Information Services, Department of National Health.

It has been suggested that civil defence has no definite plan for an H-Bomb disaster. This is absolutely untrue. At the federal level, civil defence has worked out a basic plan to save life under H-Bomb attack. True, this plan must be adapted to the local circumstances of each individual city, but in a number of cities this individual planning is either beginning or well underway. To date there has been no evidence that any of these cities cannot evacuate their people to safety within the time limits our early warning devices such as the Distant Early Warning Line and the Mid-Canada Line will give us. It is only fair to point out that the Distant Early Warning Line is only now being started and the Mid-Canada Line is in the early stages of development.

Under the first step of the federal civil defence plan, women, children, the aged and sick as well as staffs of hospitals, schools and other priority groups will be removed from "target areas" as soon as the danger of war becomes acute. These people will be taken well away from the city and kept at a safe distance in nearby communities as long as necessary. This will mean that about a third of the normal population of the city will be "thinned out" and that step number two will be made faster and easier.

Step number two—removing every remaining person from the target area—is to be carried out when we are reasonably certain that an attack is being launched over the North American continent. Everyone will be taken at least 50 miles from the city centre. They will travel upwind and cross-wind, but never downwind.

The reason there will be no down-wind travel is because of a new problem posed by the H-Bomb—a problem not encountered with atomic bombs — a problem known as "fall-out".

When an H-Bomb goes off near the ground, great quantities of dust are sucked high into the air. This dust becomes "radioactive"—that is, it gives off dangerous rays similar to X-rays. If a person is exposed to enough of these rays he may become sick. Or he may die.

As this dust rises into the air, it is scattered by the winds over an area up to 20 miles in width and 200 miles in length. Everything in this area may be exposed to radiation. People, livestock and crops can be affected.

Study of the fall-out problem shows that if people stay indoors—preferably in a basement or an earth-covered shelter—they are safe from fall-out. They may have to stay in shelter for several days. This is certainly not going to be comfortable. But it should be preferable to dying from radiation sickness. Civil defence is not offering a picnic. It is offering a way to stay alive. .

Civil defence is convinced that if it is a question of "stay in and live—go out and die", most people will manage to stay inside, conserve their protected food supplies, their sealed drinking water and their "uncontaminated" clothing. They may be uncomfortable—but they will be alive.

Summed up, there are two stages of danger from the H-Bomb. The first—heat, blast and immediate radiation—may kill everything within a six-mile radius of the blast. Many others will be killed or injured as far as ten miles from the bomb. The second—fall-out—may kill or injure unprotected people anywhere up to 200 miles from the bomb blast, but those under cover will be safe 50 miles away.

There are two answers to these two dangers—evacuation and shelter. Civil defence does *not* claim that these answers mean everyone will be saved. Civil defence *does* believe that these answers mean the

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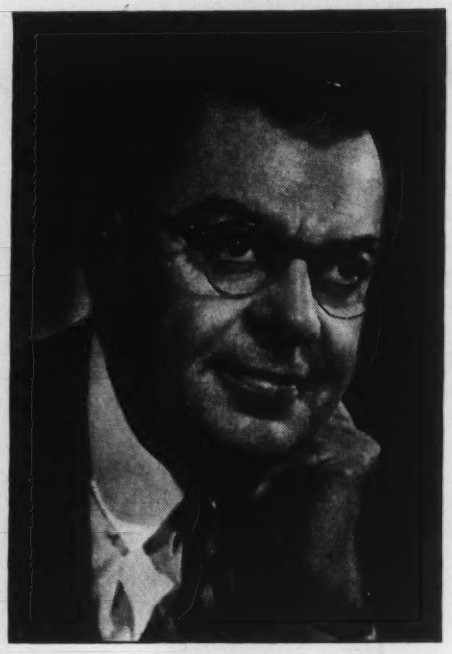

Hon. Paul Martin, who is the Federal Minister responsible for Civil Defence.

vast majority of our people *can* be saved.

There is another problem in civil defence—what to do with the thousands of people evacuated from target areas. Some of the most experienced and hard-headed welfare people in Canada have worked for months to solve this problem. It is truly a mammoth job and nobody is suggesting that it is going to be a holiday for anybody. But civil defence is convinced that these people can be housed, not comfortably, but livably; they can be fed, not well, but adequately; they can be returned to their families and relocated in suitable areas.

A great deal of publicity has been given to armchair strategists who have decided that evacuation is not a practical possibility. Any serious study of the problem will reveal that a planned evacuation can take the great majority of downtown city dwellers to relative safety in the time available.

Civil defence traffic experts calculate that during a planned evacuation approximately 1,000 vehicles per hour pass any given point on each traffic lane. Of these vehicles, about one in ten is a truck or bus. Since evacuation planning calls for every vehicle to be full, the average capacity of each automobile is estimated at five. Trucks and buses will carry approximately thirty.

Using this yardstick, civil defence planners are certain that in the City of Montreal, for instance, with 30 lanes available on 11 exit routes, and with traffic moving at 25 miles per hour, 450,000 people could be evacuated from the downtown area in two hours using 60,000 vehicles. In tests carried out in the United States, these estimates have proved to be on the conservative side.

Civil defence also knows from intensive studies that communities surrounding a target city can house a number of evacuees as great as the original population of the town. A town of 5,000 can receive and shelter 5,000 evacuees indefinitely. For shorter periods, considerably larger numbers could be looked after.

As for emergency feeding, civil defence knows from actual tests that one competent organizer, with two skilled cooks, can feed 1,000 people two meals a day, using emergency equipment.

Civil defence is also accumulating great stockpiles of medical and first-aid equipment for emergency use. This material is now being re-located in areas unlikely to be damaged by attack, but close to the places where it would be needed.

In cities and provinces where public support is strong and enthusiastic, civil defence organizations are active and vigorous. Where this public support has been lacking, civil defence organized "from the top" has been weak and inconclusive.

In order to promote public support and confidence, the Hon. Paul Martin, the federal cabinet minister responsible for civil defence, Maj.-Gen. F. F. Worthington, Federal Civil Defence Co-ordinator and other federal, provincial and local civil defence officials have toured the country telling this story. Use has been made of the press, radio, TV and magazines. Displays have been built, films made and conventions addressed. Every device known to the publicist has been used to stir up interest in what is, after all, a matter of life and death. Civil defence has every intention of pounding away on this subject until every man, woman and child in this country knows the dangers we face—and knows what he or she can do about them.

There are two things that every citizen can do in civil defence. The first is to learn everything he can to protect himself and his family in case disaster should strike.

The second is to do everything he can as a citizen to ensure that the civil defence organization in his community is strong and active.

Nobody knows whether we will ever be attacked with H-Bombs, but the possibility of attack does exist and to ignore this possibility would be as foolish as ignoring dynamite caps stored in the children's playroom.

Civil defence is, basically, an attempt to organize the human instinct of self-preservation. Civil defence offers to each man a chance to save a life if disaster should occur—his own life.

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Earlier this year SATURDAY NIGHT *published an article criticizing the apparent apathy of the nation faced with the problems of civil defence. This article by Mr. Adams is in reply.*

Why Russia Is Short of Food

by N. J. Berrill

A nation is to a great extent a growth of the land it lives on, a product of the land's capacities and the land's constraints. The history of England, once the land was finally stocked, has been that of a small damp island, never really hot and never truly cold, with seaways opening freely to all parts of the world. The Russians are tied much tighter to their land by the distance to its borders and by the lack of open roads beyond them. The territory is huge. It is also extremely diverse in character and presents its inhabitants with problems of vast dimensions. Not only are the problems difficult in themselves but they have been complicated by Soviet theory sponsored for political rather than scientific reasons.

The USSR as a whole covers a multitude of geographical sins.

Ten per cent of it is that squashy arctic swampland we call tundra or muskeg, of no known use to man. More than a third of the eight and a half million square miles is high latitude spruce and larch forest, too cold for agriculture and suitable only for lumbering, trapping, reindeer-herding and mining, very similar to the Canadian north. Only about eight per cent of the land presents the kind of hardwood forest landscape on which the industrial civilizations of America and Western Europe grew up. In North America more than forty per cent is of this kind of land, which is the best in the world for technological nations. About thirty per cent of the Soviet lands are either prairie, grassland or steppe, a little more than there is here and mainly suitable for growing grain. When it comes to mountains and minerals there is not much difference between the two continents.

Where the Soviets have been short, and almost desperately so, has been in land well suited to industry and for agriculture other than grain.

Because of this over-all situation, as much if not more than for any other reason, the Russians have taken over Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Eastern Germany and Poland, the whole wide belt of rich agricultural territory passing across eastern Europe which has been the European heart-land since time out of mind. This gives them much of the mid-latitude land that they needed but it still leaves the Soviet Union with almost unlimited space which cries for development.

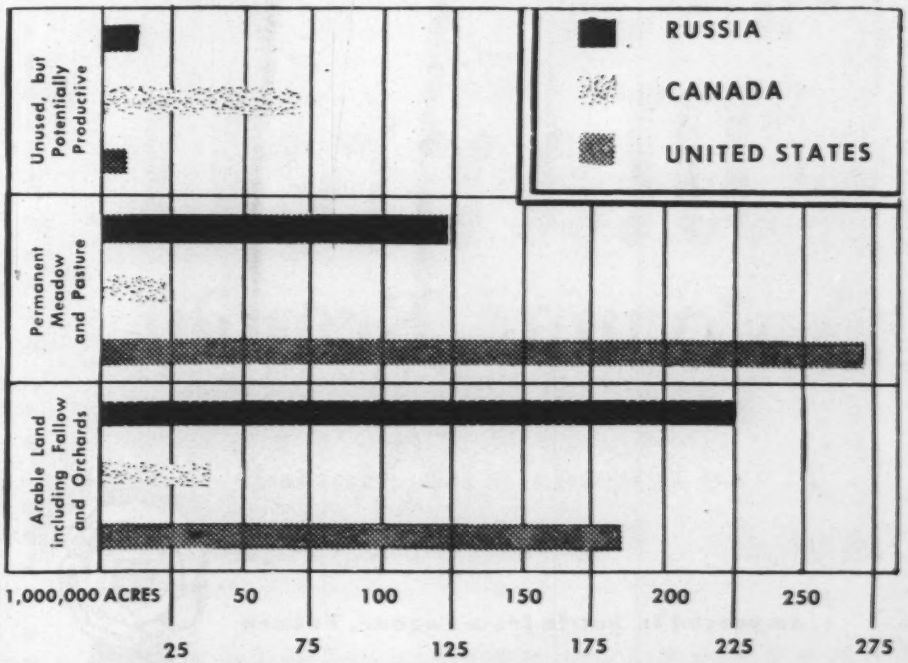
What success and failure the Russians have had in solving their agricultural problems, and the causes for both, can be seen in the careers of two Russian scientists, although scientifically speaking one of the two men was a giant and the other remains a charlatan. Both careers show, though in different ways, how deadly the touch of politics can be to scientific enterprise.

The older man, N. I. Vavilov, now dead, was in his thirties at the time of the 1917 Russian Revolution, already trained as a plant geneticist and known for his search for the sources of cultivated plants. In 1921 Lenin made him President of the Academy of Agricultural Sciences and during the next few years he set up more than four hundred research institutes and plant experimental stations, covering the whole area from Leningrad to Vladivostock.

Vavilov was convinced that the cure for plant diseases was to be found in the relatively new science of plant engineering and he set to work to explore the genetical variability of cultivated plants in what he thought to be their centres of origin. Some idea of the scale on which he worked is shown by the collection of wheat grown near Leningrad, which exceeded thirty thousand varieties. His expeditions in search of new or old strains took him to Afghanistan, Abyssinia and China as well as Central and South America. In practice he laid the foundations of all future improvement of crop plants not only in Russia but throughout the world, all of it based on the broad and intensive theoretical basis of modern genetics and evolutionary theory as we know it in the West.

Altogether he had just under twenty years in which to develop his ideas and get his Research Institutes into going order, by which time he was a world-famous figure who promised well to solve the Soviets' agricultural problems in the spirit of international science. But in 1939 the conflict with Lysenko came to a head, with Lysenko emerging as the victor. Lysenko replaced him as President of the Academy of Agricultural Sciences and a year later, during the period of the Hitler-Stalin pact, Vavilov was arrested as an alleged British spy and as a follower of Western genetical theories, and sent to Siberia where he died.

Why? Because in their understanding of the processes and mechanisms of inheritance the government leaders were half a century behind the times, not so much as the result of their education or the lack of one but more because they believed strongly in the old Lamarckian theory that qualities and characteristics acquired during the lifetime of an individual can be passed on to his offspring. This theory fitted in well with their concept of the status of the individual in human society, as someone who can never be much better than anyone else to begin with but who can be encouraged to strive for improvement. Modern genetics, on the other hand, while admitting the importance of environmental influences, recognizes as fundamental the inherent



Comparison of land use in Canada, Russia and the United States.

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variability of human beings and of every kind of animal and plant that lives. There is no basic equality in the sense that one baby is as good as another. Lysenko became the tool of the Lamarckian elements in official circles and it was under Lysenko's virulent attacks that modern genetics as personified by Vavilov became formally stigmatized as criminal heresy.

The situation is both curious and somewhat dangerous. Darwin perhaps indirectly did more than any man to discredit the Lamarckian concept of evolution, yet in 1952 the occasion of the 70th anniversary of Darwin's death was celebrated in Moscow on a grand scale, with Lysenko the main speaker, and hardly noted at all anywhere else. The fact is that the Russians have appropriated those parts of Darwin's *Origin of Species* which are taken as confirmation of the so-called laws of social development propounded by Marx, Lenin and Stalin.

The Darwinism that the Communists preach is absolutely different from Darwinism as it is understood today outside Russia. Natural selection, which is the crux of Darwin's theory of evolution, has been jettisoned, and the gene which is the key to all genetical theory is ridiculed as "an entity which is contrary to the materialist basis of science". Soviet biology has had to adopt a Lamarckian creed favoring an idealistic force of heredity, too feeble and fluctuating to resist the overpowering influence of a revolutionary environment. Lysenko, for instance, believes that characters produced by the impact of environment, nurture, cultivation techniques and so on are inherited by plants and animals, for then the improvement of plants and animals could be achieved rapidly.

If Lysenko's beliefs had had a sound basis and the rest of the scientific world, including his predecessor, had been wrong, all might have been well and his Soviet masters might now be rubbing their hands in gratification. They are not. They judge by results and the results naturally have not been forthcoming. How could they be when all the plant breeders and livestock breeders in the Soviet Union, no matter how intelligent or truly informed they may be, have to work actually or ostensibly according to the half-baked beliefs of a scientific charlatan?

The agricultural crisis is greater than ever and is becoming the crisis of the whole Soviet system. Khrushchev, the first secretary of the Communist Party, who has staked his reputation on his ability to revolutionize Soviet food production, is now looking around for scapegoats and at a special meeting of farmers of the Volga river area in March of this year attacked the Russian biologists for failing in one of their foremost duties, which is to work out crop rotations suitable for the widely varying soils and climates of

Trofim Lysenko: Charlatan

the Soviet Union. He denounced virtually everything Lysenko stood for, with Lysenko sitting on the platform listening.

Many in his audience could undoubtedly have told him and the Kremlin that the policies promoted by Lysenko and supported by Stalin were scientifically stupid. Left alone they would probably work out the kinds of flexible systems required, instead of introducing such calamitous panaceas as Lysenko's introduction of temporary grass as a rotational crop throughout the whole country, an experiment which ended in disaster.

Perhaps in the end common sense will reassert itself, for the Soviets are hardheaded even if they are pigheaded and suffering from delusions. A straw in the wind may be the permission given to Dr. Stube of the Kaiser-Wilhelm Institute in Russian-occupied Germany to attend the 9th International Genetics Congress in Italy; he told his western colleagues that he was allowed to continue his researches on the basis of orthodox genetics. Vavilov had not been allowed to attend and died for holding the same point of view.

If it is a sign of change and the beginning of reason it is all to the good, for continued Russian disbelief in genetical variation and its causes may cause them to be much too carefree in their use of atomic energy and nuclear bomb explosions. For high energy radiation increases the heritable variations and generally in a detrimental way. A healthy fear of the hereditary consequences of atomic tests and conflicts is probably a condition for human survival and it is disturbing to think that the other half of the world may hold beliefs that make such a fear ridiculous.

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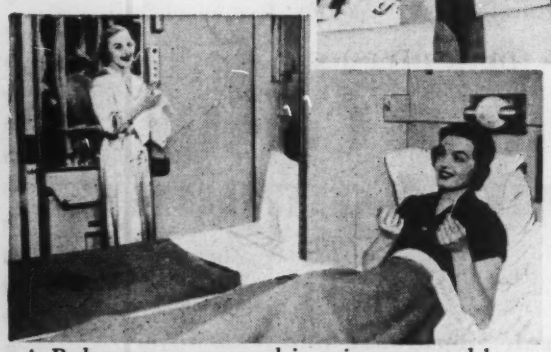

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CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Ottawa Letter

Senators Fail to View with Alarm

by John A. Stevenson

As usual, the debate on the Budget was spun out to wearisome length and no fewer than 76 members felt it necessary to unfold their views upon its proposals. On the whole the criticisms of the Budget were pitched in a mild key. Many of the representatives of the maritime and the prairie provinces preferred to dismiss it cursorily and spend their oratory on the harassing problems and tribulations of these two regions.

Running through these lamentations and pleadings was an implication that many of the policies of the Government were slanted to an unfair degree for the benefit of the two central and highly industrialized provinces of Ontario and Quebec. But certain Liberal members from Ontario refused to accept this diagnosis as accurate and engaged in vigorous criticisms of the fiscal policies of the Government.

Norman C. Schneider (L., Waterloo North) told a doleful tale about the sufferings of manufacturers of buttons and rubber-soled canvas footwear and their employees in his own city of Kitchener. The trouble, he said, was caused by the calamitous competition of imports from Puerto Rico and Hong Kong, where wages were pitiably low by Canadian standards, and he bewailed the failure of the Government to halt this unfair invasion of the domestic market.

A. A. White, a Liberal, who sits for the adjacent division of Waterloo South, was equally emphatic that the textile industries in his riding were being treated as expendable by Mr. Harris and denied the succor of higher tariffs which they deserved.

Some other Liberals took the same line on a softer note. The debate revealed that a group of protectionists in the Liberal party fear that their seats will be lost at the next election, unless they can persuade the Government to abandon its present partiality for moderate tariffs.

It could have been foreseen that the Government would, as in the case of the measure for the liberalization of the law about divorce, mobilize all its docile followers in the Senate to kill the bill introduced by Senator W. D. Euler, which would compel all vacancies in the Senate to be filled within six months of their occurrence. No Cabinet takes kindly to the dictation of its policies even by friendly lips, and Ministers have long ago placed Senator Euler and his independent Liberal associates in their black book of troublesome critics.

The case for the bill, for which the most powerful presentations came from Senators Euler, N. P. Lambert, T. A. Crerar and A. K. Hugessen, is logically unanswerable, and the impressive list of Liberals who voted for it must convince the public of its merits. But the Government was naturally anxious that it should not reach the Commons to produce a long controversial debate, in which a number of its supporters would find it hard not to join the parties in opposition in support of the bill.

The speech delivered in the Senate on May 24 by the Liberal leader, Senator Ross Macdonald, gave clear indication that instructions, which were obeyed by the great majority of the Liberal Senators, had been issued to give the bill short shrift. Senator Macdonald's speech was studiously conciliatory in tone and in an elaborate eulogy of the Senate and its beneficial works for the nation, he made a curious excursion into the realm of poetry. It has been quite common for statesmen to invoke the blessing of the Christian Deity upon their actions, but Senator Macdonald's quotation of a verse from Longfellow's poem "The Builders", suggested that the old gods of mythology had been keeping watch and ward over the doings of our Senate.

Senator Macdonald: His speech ensured the death of the Euler bill.

Senator W. D. Euler: He would fill the vacancies in the Senate.

His arguments against the bill were more specious than convincing, however. When his denial that the existence of 22 vacancies had in any way impaired the efficiency and usefulness of the Senate provoked Senator Crerar to inquire just how far the practice of not filling vacancies would have to continue before the efficiency of the Senate was impaired, he could only give the evasive reply that they must trust in the omniscient wisdom of Mr. St. Laurent.

His speech ensured the slaughter of the bill by 37 votes to 12, but the debate on it has revived public dissatisfaction with the indefensible situation of the Senate and the Government will be unable to leave the problem in a state of suspended animation.

Yet Prime Minister St. Laurent, who has the appointments in his gift, is faced with a difficult dilemma. If he carries out the laudable plan credited to him of using the vacancies for three purposes — to strengthen the official opposition in the Senate, to give to the CCF and the Social Credit party their first representation in it, and to introduce a new kind of blood, regardless of its political affiliations, in the form of individuals who have achieved real eminence in other walks of life than politics—the wolves robbed of their cubs would not be able to match the fury of the host of Liberal aspirants for Senatorships, who would accuse him of the basest kind of ingratitude for their loyal services. On the other hand if he fills the vacancies with faithful Liberal partisans, the unbalance of parties in the Senate will be aggravated and it will sink into irretrievable discredit with the Canadian people.

Letter from New York

Puzzling Prizes: Culture and Real Estate

by Anthony West

I have spent a certain amount of time in the past month brooding on two of the Pulitzer Prize Awards for 1955 which seem to me to be mysterious beyond measure. Some of the awards seem to be unchallengeable — those to Anthony Lewis, Caro Brown, and William Faulkner, for instance.

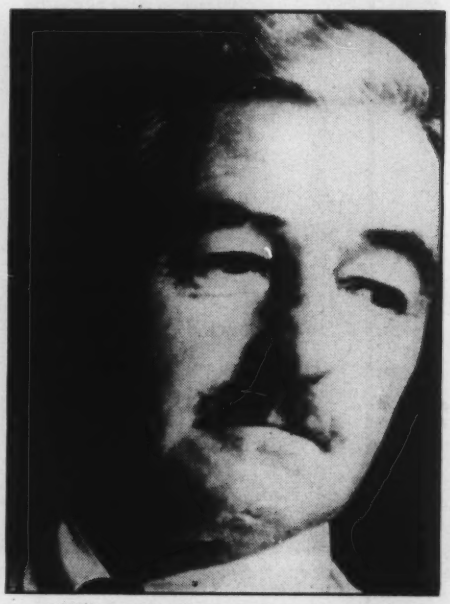
Mr. Lewis, who was editing the *Harvard Crimson* as lately as 1948, with very considerable moral courage last year took on the Navy's security forces and proved that they had committed a flagrant injustice in the case of one Abraham Chasanow. Mrs. Brown, who graduated in journalism as first proofreader and then society editor of the *Alice Texas Daily Echo* (circulation 5,500) took on the toughest political boss in Texas and broke him. These are the sort of things that almost justify American journalism's high opinion of itself; and there was something very fine in the spirit behind Faulkner's novel, *The Fable*, which earned him his citation.

But what is one to think of the values behind the photographic award? It was given for a shot of two parents desperate in the face of the Pacific surf that had a few moments before snatched away their nineteen-months-old son. The man is staring helplessly out to sea, the woman is collapsing in an agony of distress into his arms. The callousness required to photograph such an incident is barely imaginable, and not tolerable when it has been imagined. The first stage of descent into the moral squalor involved takes shape on the beach, where you are faced with the photographer's reaction to a neighbor's call that someone seems to be in trouble in the surf: the man runs not for a rope or for something that might be of help, but for his camera. Then, arriving on the scene, his thought is not for the bereaved parents but for their news value, and as they face the horrible thing that has just happened to them he stands clicking away.

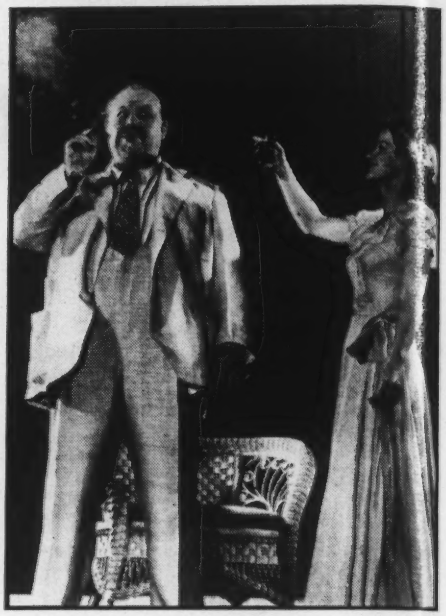
The *New York Times*, reprinting the photograph in cold blood some months after the last justification of the intrusion into the parents' grief, that it is or was "news", had been removed remarked that it "points up the skills a news photographer must have". It also points up some of the reasons that go to making "journalist" a term of abuse.

The other equally baffling award is in the drama section, and was given to Tennessee Williams for writing a play called *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. The first act of this delightful piece is practically a monologue in which Barbara Bel Geddes complains that her husband, glumly played by Ben Gazzara, won't give her her due as a wife in the way of sexual intercourse. In the next two acts the husband's family and circle bully him into a more manly posture, and the thing ends, like an old Minsky burlesque sketch, with Miss Bel Geddes putting out the light. In the course of the action, Burl Ives, a reformed guitarist and folk singer who is now blossoming out as a straight actor, tells two of the most pointlessly dirty stories that have thickened the air of a New York theatre in recent years, using all the words that the burlesque comedians of the old days only dared to imply. The only difference between the usages is that in burlesque circles these monosyllables and military metaphors were associated with pleasure whereas in Mr. Williams's lexicon they seem to be associated with a sinister conspiracy on the part of womankind to debase the spiritual male whose fineness is best brought out by friendship between males.

I was arguing with one of Mr. Williams's admirers the other night about what dramatic function the two (to my mind) altogether irrelevant dirty stories were supposed to perform in the play, and he said that they were a desperate attempt of the character in question to affirm his manhood. Such affirmations of manhood can be seen chalked up, engraved, and otherwise registered, in carelessly maintained public conveniences, but they rarely win awards.



William Faulkner: Fine in spirit.



Burl Ives and Barbara Bel Geddes

I have also been brooding on some non-aesthetic questions lately that give me, for one, even less pleasure. As an occasional user of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford, and the New York Central Railroads I have suffered an extraordinary social decline in the past twelve months. In the happier days such a short way back I was a client in good standing of these utilities, which offered me a great many facilities and the courtesy of their employees. Though I pay my money in the same old way, I now find myself travelling in trains that offer the bare minimum of transport and are, to put it plainly, filthy dirty. The railroad employees on both lines are no longer giving the performances of devoted old family servants, which used to be so charming but are instead snarling, rude, and off-hand.

The truth is that both lines have laid off, without recognition of seniority, merit, or any other consideration, a number of men equal in strength to a couple of infantry divisions. This has disintegrated the morale of the survivors, who are passing their resentment on to the cattle called fare-paying passengers. The management is dismantling all facilities not insisted upon by the law and adding to the passengers' discomfort.

The reasons for this insane behavior are not far to seek. The raiding parties captained by Messrs Young and McGinnis, who seized the management of these great roads a little while back, figure that they can cut costs faster than revenue will drop for a short period and can thus implement their promise to increase the revenue available for distribution to the shareholders. This rather picayune pro-

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ceeding is a preliminary to the big operation which is to come, the realization of the real estate holdings in central New York jointly owned by the two roads, notably those round Grand Central Station. This is taking time, and the pennies saved by junking the goodwill of the customers are covering the interval. Next year the blubber of the real estate lying between 44th and 42nd Streets will be rendered down and distributed. In a couple of years New Yorkers will come to and realize that these two great utilities, vital to the healthy economic life of their city, have been stripped of their capital assets and reduced to the pitiful state of the Long Island Railroad, the ghost of a utility operated by a receiver. I was interested to see how the raiding parties would solve the problem of getting a valid excuse for selling out the Grand Central properties which would stand up to the FCC examiners. The excuse has been provided just when it was required by the boys down at City Hall, who have obligingly increased the tax assessments on the properties involved by some $22 million, so that it is merely a reasonable economy to liquidate these holdings. It is a nice piece of co-operation that would repay investigation.

It is hard to credit that such recklessness could be indulged in, but a little thing may illustrate the larger issue. Nantucket Island is a delightful, or rather was a delightful, unspoiled relic of the old New England, a small island with a tiny whaling-town on it.

Last year Mr. McGinnis realized that its charm could be cashed and he began running excursion trains to it. The thousands of customers he drummed up in New England's industrial towns were packed into cars, transferred to scows at the ferry landing opposite the island, and then dumped on its unhappy shores. There were no facilities of any kind for such mass invasions, the local community being geared to a placid existence for a few hundred souls, and the place became within a few weeks a mess of hurriedly erected hot dog stands, conveniences, and discarded beer cans.

When the winter came, the Nantucketers realized that their home was halfway devastated. From being a place it had become a sort of fair ground, like Narragansett. When the spring came, they sent a thirty-member delegation representing every element in the community to see Mr. McGinnis and to beg him not to run excursions again this year. Mr. McGinnis refused to see them, and gave out a brief statement to the effect that while people wanted to get to Nantucket the New York, New Haven and Hartford would fulfil its role by getting them there. The hell, in short, with the Nantucket community if they and their interests stand between the road and a fast dollar.

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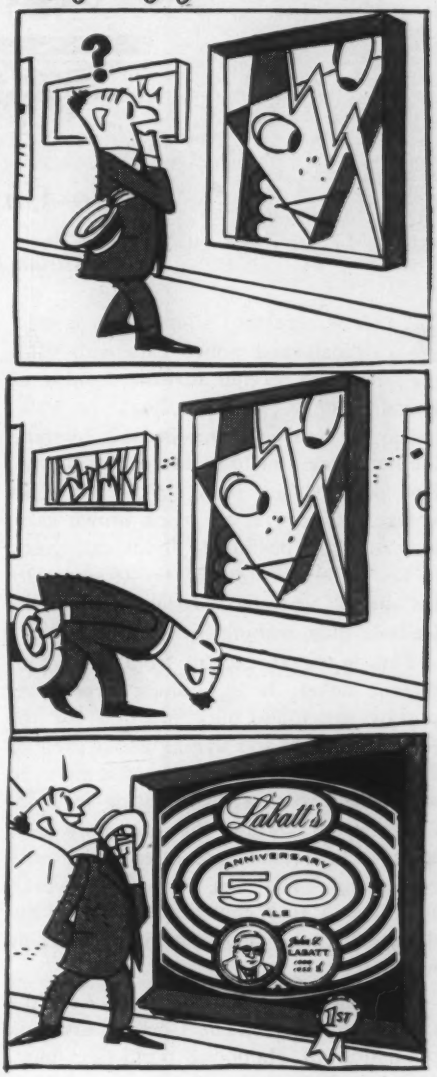

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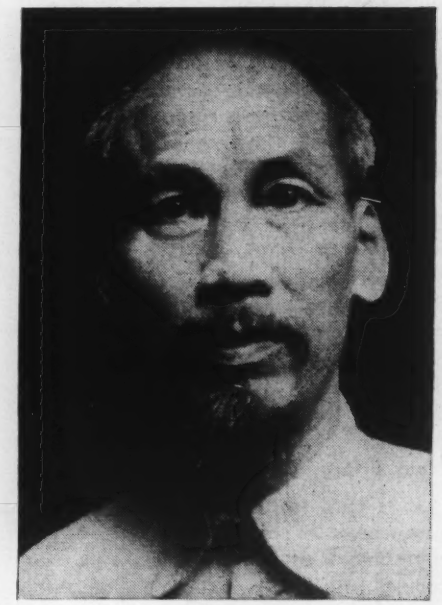
Foreign Affairs

Indo-China Story

by Adrian Liddell Hart

"He is separated from the people by cardinals and police cars with wailing sirens and foreign advisors droning of global strategy, when he should be walking in the rice fields unprotected, learning the hard way how to be loved and obeyed. One pictured him there in the Norodom Palace, sitting with his blank brown gaze, incorruptible, obstinate, ill-advised, going to his weekly confession, bolstered up by his belief that God is always on the Catholic side, waiting for a miracle . . :"

This is not an excerpt from a Graham Greene novel. It is Graham Greene reporting the Indo-China situation for the American press and writing about Premier Diem of south Viet-Nam. And it isn't too far-fetched because the situation in Indo-China is so fantastic that the more matter-of-fact accounts are often ludicrously misleading. The fact remains, however, that it is a real enough situation to endanger the peace and security of the whole world.



Ho Chi Minh: No figurehead.

Last month, under the terms of the Geneva Agreement, the Communists took possession of Haiphong port, thus completing their control of the northern sector. With less publicity, the government of south Viet-Nam occupied the 180-mile coastal stretch in the centre from which the enemy had withdrawn — on the surface. So there are now two blocks, two states, narrowly divided at the seventeenth parallel. But this division means nothing — even as a temporary measure, pending the nation-wide elections scheduled for next year. For there has never been any clear-cut line or front in Indo-China, territorial or otherwise, during all these chaotic years of strife and intrigue. And a diminishing number of people foresees any elections according to the Geneva Agreement — to which south Viet-Nam and the U.S. did not, in any case, agree.

There was a moment, it is true, when the situation did seem clear to some people, dangerously clear. That was when de Castries was defending Dien Bien Phu in 1953 with 12,000 Frenchmen, Germans and others. Then the American generals were all set to drop The Bomb in their defence and were only just restrained in time. But Dien Bien Phu has long since fallen and a humbled de Castries is still under a cloud, awaiting the results of an investigation which may never be published. The Americans seem to have given up the idea of dropping The Bomb in a country where you can hardly throw a grenade without killing the wrong person.

The truce which soon followed Dien Bien Phu has been widely represented from the non-Communist point of view as a hard bargain or even a sell-out. In fact it was only a desperate gamble—breathing space bought at a time when we were on the run and had almost nothing more to lose materially.

The interesting question at the time was why the Viet-Minh and their Chinese and Russian allies chose to call a halt just as complete military victory was in sight. They may have been suffering from economic and political strains. But in the light of what has since transpired, the main reason would seem to be the positive advantages which were calculated to follow such a truce. First, there are certain financial and economic benefits for the Communists in the present situation, based largely on forms of blackmail. Secondly, there are the administrative and diplomatic advantages of gradually taking over the whole country by consent, or at least by default, rather than by force. And thirdly, there is the encouragement of those dissensions amongst the non-Communist forces which have been, as it has turned out, as bitter and embarrassing as the Communists could have possibly hoped.

Dulles has committed himself to the support of the south Viet-Nam Government. But Nehru has hurried to confer with President Ho Chi Minh in the north. Even the Cambodians, "liberated" by the Geneva Agreement, have been talking about the possibility of co-operation with the Communists while they quarrel with their "free" neighbor. Most serious, however, has been the deepening antagonism between the French and the Americans. While the Americans have been taking over French military and economic responsibilities in the south and heavily investing in that area, the French have been trying to salvage their economic and cultural interests in the north. A mission operates there under Monsieur Sainteny, the "Delegate-General".

These differences have been greatly exacerbated by the internal strife amongst the Viet-Namese themselves and the consequent manoeuvring. Premier Diem, who has spent several years in seclusion in Catholic monasteries, has been bolstered to such an extent by the forceful American authorities on the spot that he has come to be widely regarded as an American puppet. On the other hand, the French authorities have continued to support Bao Dai on the Riviera and his various representatives in Viet-Nam. Highly-placed Frenchmen were implicated in the recent bid by General Van Vien — the bus driver turned river pirate — to seize power with his Binh Xuyen gang.

Amidst all this confusion, one figure stands out. It is a mistake to regard Ho Chi Minh as just a satellite Communist leader or even a figurehead. Millions of Viet-Namese and other non-Communist Asians look on him as the only possible leader of Indo-China. He is, indeed, seen as such by many, if not most, Frenchmen. Certainly he is a remarkable man — an authentic survival from the golden age of world revolution.

A sailor of the French Merchant Marine, a dishwasher in London's Carlton Hotel, an habitué of the Paris "Left Bank", he was the friend of Lenin and Borodin in an era when no one had ever heard of Khrushchev and Bulganin. He haunted the Versailles Conference in pursuit of his country's independence and for eight years directed a guerrilla war from his jungle headquarters. Many Frenchmen believe that he would like to come to terms, even to play the part of a Communist-Nehru in the French Union. Be that as it may, such a man can afford to wait and watch a little longer. Meanwhile his agents are everywhere.

The French forces, 35,000 strong, have been withdrawn from the Saigon area to coastal points. And with the growing threat of an uprising in North Africa, the demand to recall these seasoned troops from an untenable and unpopular position

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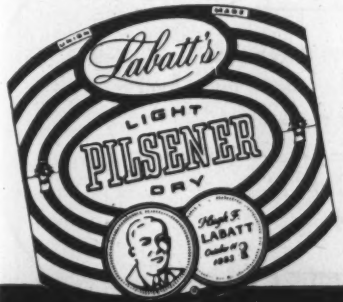

The swing is definitely to
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will become almost irresistible.

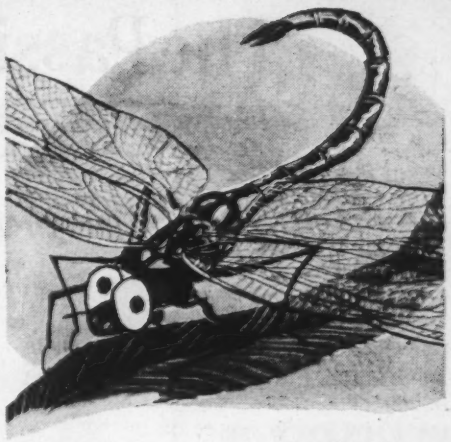
Meanwhile the shaky government of south Viet-Nam, having "routed" the Binh Xuyen, according to reports, is preparing a big "drive" against the Hoa Hao. After them, I suppose, it will be the turn of the Caodists (who venerate a miscellany of saints including Victor Hugo) and then the Communists, no doubt. To one who has himself fought in this particular region, around and south of Saigon, such reports are ludicrous — and mockingly familiar, especially at this wet season.

It is not enough to talk of freedom or new constitutions for Viet-Nam. It is not even enough to talk of land reform and other social measures. The first and basic problem is to establish law and order — on which all liberties and reforms depend. But law and order have been undermined by more than ten years of strife and corruption. There are so many natural obstacles and such scanty resources; there is so much opposition — and so little time.

In the other two states that form part of Indo-China there are more grounds for optimism. The society of Laos and Cambodia is less disintegrated. And India has unofficially indicated that she looks on these small Buddhist countries with whom she has cultural affinities as belonging to a neutral sphere. But they are involved in the fate of their richer and more populous neighbor. And the future of Viet-Nam looks dark, indeed, from the non-Communist point of view. The Revolutionary Committee in Saigon has recently cabled for support to forty-three nations. But what support can we now give?

The French, who for all their mistakes made great sacrifices in this country, can do little more. The British, beset by their own troubles in Singapore and Malaya, have virtually washed their hands of the whole business. It is up to the Americans — and so far their efforts have not been impressive. In any event it would be a grave mistake for Canada to get any further involved than she already is, by virtue of being on the Truce Commission, or to encourage any assurances.

I remember the sense of foreboding which seized me on arrival in Indo-China — the innumerable flags at half-mast in the drenching rain for some ambushed general, the tolling of the church bells and the intermittent sound of shots through the hot night, the all-pervasive atmosphere of distrust and fear. And I remember, too, how we used to indulge in a crude form of psychological warfare by tossing little pamphlets around the settlements we had burned and looted in the "zones of pacification" — depicting a small Viet-Namese chicken being swallowed by a large Communist snake. It didn't seem a particularly effective piece of propaganda, especially as we were the people eating their chickens at the time. But I fear that, all the same, it is coming true.



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The Passing Show

Mice in the Beer

by Norman Ward

One of the most thought-provoking spectacles to be seen in this country is that of a mouse in a beer bottle. The one I saw was in repose on his back, his hands all but clasped across his chest. His face was wreathed in smiles, and his ears were at a rakish angle. He was dead, but he had died happy.

Now these are days when anything that can be discovered to the discredit of animals should be widely publicized, so as to make man seem a little better by comparison. Too much nonsense is written about the wisdom and industry of the lower creatures, and not enough about man's. As a result of the discovery of this sodden mouse, it can be reported with confidence that mice in Canada appear to be heavy drinkers.

The discovery was made by a bottle-counter in a keg and bottle exchange to which I had assisted a friend convey a few empties. On the way to the exchange we had noticed a peculiar odor hanging about, but we had taken it for granted, as my friend has several children, all of them capable of fastening a dead cat under a car. The trained nose of the bottle-counter, however, quickly acquitted the children. "Mouse," he said tersely, expertly holding each empty up to the light as he counted it.

Mice often crawl into empty beer bottles, he said, no doubt attracted by the malty smell. A mouse in a bottle, having lapped up the few remaining drops of liquid, commonly finds himself unable to negotiate the return journey to the outside world. A few drops for a mouse, our informant ventured to say, is roughly the equivalent of a pailful for an average-sized man.

This was not all that our bottle-counter had to offer. His employment had given him a splendid opportunity to assess the drinking habits of mice over a vast area of the Canadian west, and it was clear to him that country mice are worse topers than their city cousins. Either the rural dwellers drink more heavily, he said, or else the city ones are shrewder at knowing when to hit the road. Far more mice show up in shipments of bottles from scattered prairie oases than in those brought by city people.

By a coincidence, that day's newspaper had carried a story about an address made by one of the province's leading temperance advocates. Using one of those striking figures of speech to which the teetotal world seems addicted, this citizen had allegedly asserted that enough beer had been sold in our province during the past year to keep everybody over the age of fourteen drunk for three weeks. During the afternoon my friend had made a number of unfriendly references to those who had got his share, but he was somehow cheered to think that it may have been the mice.

Wave

by Charles Bruce

Somewhere far out far off under asian cloud
No line no limit but the invisible curve
In a theorem of sea and sky,
And no eye there to see no mind to prove it—
Wind brushed that fluent sleep.

Wind from the planes
The cold euclidean steppes . . .

Shiver and stir. Ripple and flaw. Clouded stillness
Darkens where the invisible wind curls up
The waking wave.

Ripple and ridge. Curtsy and dip and lop . . .
Out from the puppet-shift and sway and stir
The quick dancer walks.

The dancers. Walking. Till the stilted walk
Steadies
And rolls
And leagued in rolling seas the combers come
Wind-driven in a thousand miles of fetch.

Sombre and towering now the ridge, the windscrawl—
That slopes and forms and follows and casts back
Self after fluent self.
Only the *form* eternal (while the wind holds),
The flowing shape through sea and sea and sea . . .
Until at last self shape one moment one
Break
On the asking granite of the shore.

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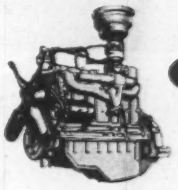

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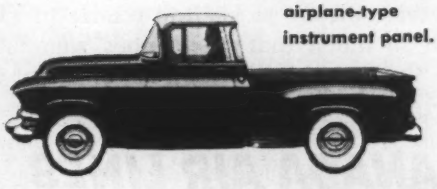

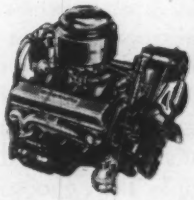

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Books

Shakespeare Living and Dead

by Robertson Davies

Those who are looking forward to the opening of the Third Festival at Stratford, Ontario, at the end of June are no doubt anticipating further developments in a method of presenting the plays of Shakespeare which is a return to the Jacobean theatre, and which seems new in our day. But this Neo-Jacobeanism, if it may so be called, had its beginning three-quarters of a century ago in the work of a remarkable producer called William Poel, whose life has now been written by Robert Speaight. Poel was the first man in modern times to be forcibly impressed with the idea that Shakespeare's plays would appear to greater advantage if presented according to the theatrical method which Shakespeare knew; he was the forerunner for such later Neo-Jacobean producers as Harley Granville-Barker and Dr. Tyrone Guthrie.

Mr. Speaight, who is known to Canadian theatre-lovers as an admirable adjudicator and scholar of the theatre, has written of Poel with affectionate admiration, but also with justice. Poel's work was a protest against the Shakespeare productions of his day, which were loaded with scenery and upholstery, and cut so as to enhance the principal roles, and to agree with nineteenth century notions of dramatic art. But like so many protestors, Poel was crotchety, and there was something aggressively antiquarian about much of his work which robbed it of simple theatrical value. If we want to know what his work was like, we can find friendly, but not idolatrous, reports of his productions among Bernard Shaw's theatre criticisms.

Perhaps Poel's finest achievement was that he made the theatrical profession think anew about the plays of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. He tackled these in a fresh spirit, and he showed forgotten or obscured beauties in plays which audiences thought they knew by heart. He killed the "Shakespearean style", which was a bag of tricks which many actors thought sufficient for successful acting in great drama. His struggle was a hard one, and though he met with a good deal of encouragement and approval in his day, theatre people in general did not take him seriously. But he was very serious, and a great revolutionary in his sphere, and Mr. Speaight has given us a first-rate book about him.

Tyrone Guthrie: Reasoned plea.

What Poel began, we may find continued in The New Stratford Shakespeare, of which I have the volumes containing *The Merchant of Venice* and *Julius Caesar* before me. The text of these plays is that prepared by Dr. G. B. Harrison; it is a very good text, and in these volumes only a few lines are cut, presumably to spare the blushes of school-marms; in an age with so tortuously dirty a mind as ours, this is apparently thought necessary. Each volume has a general introduction, and a special introduction to the play in hand, by Tyrone Guthrie. Dr. Guthrie is, presumably, also responsible for the good scheme of numbering the scenes consecutively, as well as by Nicholas Rowe's arbitrary five-act plan.

Dr. Guthrie's general introduction would gladden the heart of Poel. It is an eloquent and reasoned plea for the open, or platform, stage as opposed to the proscenium stage with which we are familiar in nineteenth century theatres. Those who have experienced great beauty and subtlety of performance in proscenium theatres may not wholly agree with Dr. Guthrie's sharp condemnation of them; they will be content to say that the stage at Stratford undoubtedly has its special advantages. But it will be a dull reader indeed who is not moved to enthusiasm by his comments on the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare's plays. Dr. Guthrie has a superb capacity to generate en-

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thusiasm, and to brush away cobwebs; these texts are a gift to any serious teacher of literature in schools.

And so also are his special introductions to the two plays I have before me. Their approach to their subject-matter is strongly theatrical; Dr. Guthrie is intent on making thoroughly clear what the play is about and how the action progresses. No mention is made of sources, or of the condition of the text that has reached us, or of the development of Shakespeare's career at the time the play was written. I think that it is wise to omit all this matter, which is of no interest to a high school student; if he can be interested in the play as a work of art, all that can be reasonably hoped for has been done; the puzzles and quirks of scholarship can come later, if they come at all. Dr. Guthrie has been at pains to make these plays live, and he tackles them in the only living way — as pieces for the theatre. These texts cannot, of course, supply the deficiencies of hopelessly unimaginative and untheatrical teachers, or of students untroubled by a spark of interest in the world of the arts, but to keen teachers and intelligent students they will be of the utmost value and stimulus.

Canadian comment on Shakespeare is not copious, therefore it is all the more pleasant to welcome the Rev. E. M. Howse's book, *Spiritual Values In Shakespeare*. This is not, as we might hastily assume, a series of sermons tacked onto Shakespeare's plays; it is, rather, a commentary on the moral climate of Shakespeare's plays, in which it is clearly stated that Shakespeare was not primarily a moralist, and not interested in persuading anyone to accept a coherent moral code. But every great artist is a moralist, because he has a great understanding of life. He does not seek to impose patterns on human behavior, but he is specially gifted with ability to discern the patterns which exist. Dr. Howse understandably brings a clergyman's point of view to his study of Shakespeare, but he does not seek to enlist the playwright as a lay colleague; he is content to tell us what he has found in the great plays, and has produced a book of pleasing, admirably unforced appreciation. It is refreshing to read a book about Shakespeare by someone who is content to admire him, without seeking to suggest that if *he* had been Shakespeare, certain things would have been better managed. If this is the kind of thing Dr. Howse is giving the young people of his flock, they are lucky indeed.

Books of essays about Shakespeare are numberless. *Talking of Shakespeare* is a collection of eleven pieces, edited by John Garrett; they range from the discursive (fancy word for woolly) to the higher flights of abstruse scholarship (which is critical jargon for pernickety nonsense). But there is a readable piece on *Shake*

peare and the Psychologists by L. A. G. Strong, which presents us with the not very new idea that Shakespeare knew a lot about people; and there is a piece by Michael Redgrave called *Shakespeare and the Actors* which suggests that an actor who has memorized the whole of several Shakespeare plays may often get the hang of them better than a professor who wants to prove a pet theory. I do not think that any of these people (some of whom are famous) get any farther than Dr. Howse, and they are not nearly so modest.

Finally, we have the *Shakespeare Survey* in its eighth annual volume, of special interest to us this year because it contains a piece on "Shakespeare at Stratford, Ontario", by Dr. Tyrone Guthrie which is again an exposition of the virtues of the Stratford stage, as well as an explanation of how this particular festival happened to come about. This discussion of a new venture in Shakespearean production is welcome in a book which gives notes about significant productions all the world over, but devotes most of its space to dusty argle-bargle among the contentious operatives of the Shakespeare Industry.

William Poel and the Elizabethan Revival, *by Robert Speaight — pp. 276, index and illustrations—British Books—$4.25.*

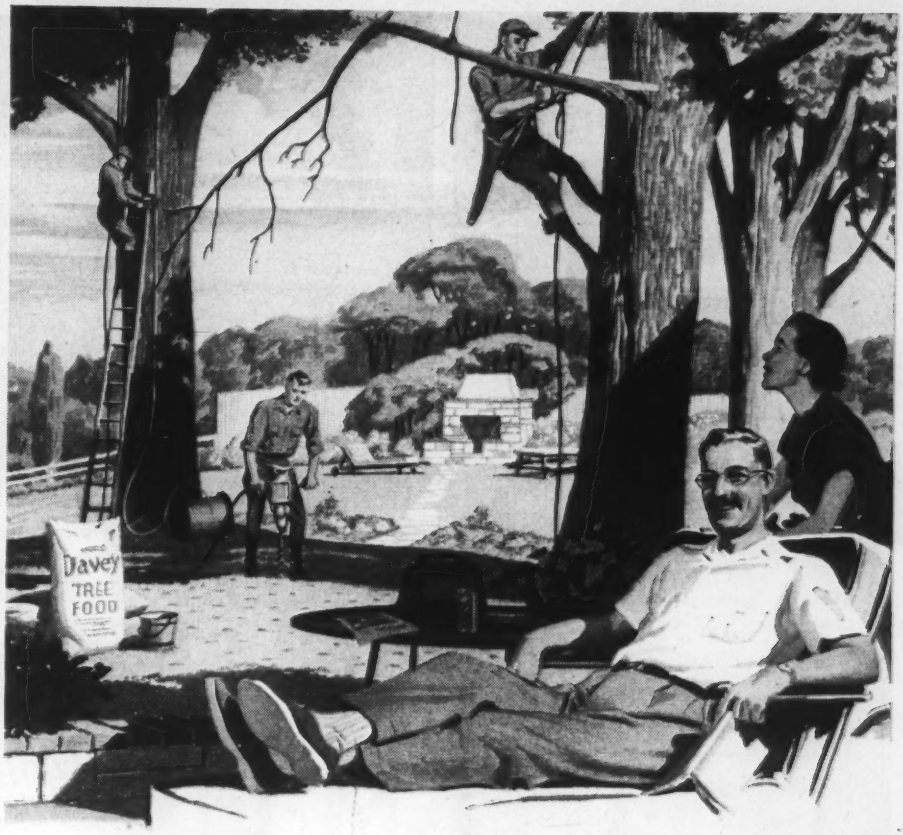
The Merchant of Venice, Julius Caesar, *The New Stratford Shakespeare, edited by G. B. Harrison and with introductions by Tyrone Guthrie — Clarke, Irwin — $1.00 each.*

Spiritual Values In Shakespeare, *by Ernest Marshall Howse — pp. 148 and index — Abingdon — $2.50.*

Talking of Shakespeare, *edited by John Garrett — pp. 257 — British Books — $4.25.*

Shakespeare Survey 8, *edited by Allardyce Nicoll — pp. 159, index and illustrations — Macmillan — $3.50.*

Michael Redgrave: Not so modest.



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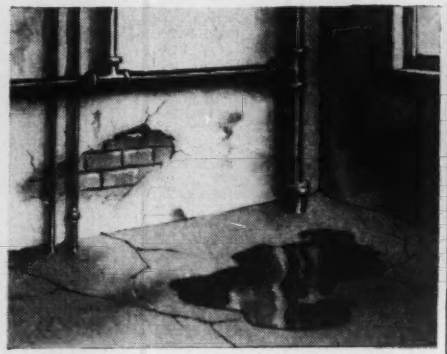
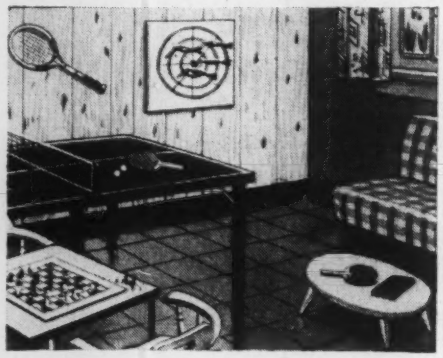


BEFORE: Even starting with a damp, unattractive basement like this . . .



AFTER: Here's what imagination and surprisingly few dollars can do!

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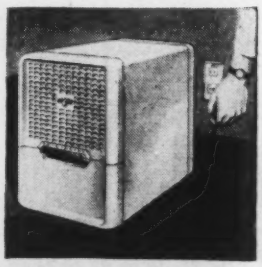

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Empire Outpost, New Style

by Mary Lowrey Ross

The movies have always been staunch supporters of the British Empire, which they have publicized over the years with great energy and success. For while the public for which pictures are made has at best only a remote interest in imperial ideas it can always be trusted to respond to spectacle, especially when the spectacle is deployed in the Valley of Balaklava or the Khyber Pass.

In the days before it merged into the Commonwealth, the British Empire (screen version) was supported largely through the efforts of Errol Flynn, Gary Cooper and Clive Brook. They fought in India, Africa and Arabia while the treacherous natives died like flies and the meteor flag of England burned terrifically over Hollywood and Elstree. It didn't matter if these productions were crammed with every ideological cliché of the Nineteenth Century. It didn't even matter if in the excitement of production the meteor flag of England was occasionally displayed upside down. As long as there was danger, action, the sweep of troops, tight-lipped decision and an invincible addiction to evening dress in desert outposts, the picture was bound to be a success.

No one can have regretted the transition from Empire to Commonwealth more than the high-budget movie producer. Given a desert outpost story and plenty of extras he was as happy as a five-year-old with his own sandpile and set of toy soldiers. No questions were asked and no issues debated. The hero (dedicated and indestructible) was right, the native leader (fanatical and treacherous) was wrong, and everything could be worked out in the reliable terms of melodrama, black versus white.

In recent years, of course, all sorts of troubling angles have crept into the picture — problems of race segregation and *apartheid*, questions of the rights of native populations, and a recognition of the similarities, far more profound than the differences, which underlie human behavior everywhere. Today no picture that deals with racial conflict can afford to leave these angles out. So in *Simba*, a description of the Mau Mau uprising in Kenya, we have a story that pauses in the midst of headlong action to debate the question of racial dominance, and holds up even the love scenes while hero and heroine (Dirk Bogarde and Virginia McKenna) argue and anguish over the problem of violence vs. non-violence.

In this picture it is the British hero who is alternately violent and vacillating, the native doctor who remains unassailable in his certainty, understanding and humanity. The treatment, it must be added, is fairly broad with enough fury and violence on both sides to keep the action hurtling along between question periods. However, people who are tired of the fierce simplicities of action drama may find the question periods the more interesting parts of *Simba*.

It may be an incidental grievance, but I feel it is time to protest against the increasing practice of inserting the credit list part way through the action of the story. This happens in *Simba*, which starts out with a murder, then having set you to speculating on who is responsible for the violence, fades out and then in

again with information about who is responsible for hair-dressing and make-up. Producers, of course, are licensed to display credit-lists, but when they pretend to omit them, then trick you into them without warning, it is time they had their licence cancelled.

With CinemaScope and its sister-development, VistaVision, the screen seems to be outgrowing its human characters altogether. Blown up to gigantic size, they tend to become more and more like the inflated, three-storey-high figures in a Santa Claus parade. They have nothing very important to do and nothing particularly significant to say. To be sure they are still engaged with life, love and destiny, but that is an old story and their windy variations on these familiar themes are certainly not improved to any extent as they come whistling along the four-way stereophonic sound-track.

But pave the earth with runways and fill the sky with jet-bombers and you have an altogether different picture. In fact, the high wide screen has its chief justification in these extraordinary panoramic shots of operational bombers in formation trailing their parallel furrows of cloud across a sky as perpendicular and authoritative as some vast blackboard. It makes a curious exercise in sky-writing, endlessly fascinating to watch; and whether it is meant to spell out doom or salvation is anybody's guess.

It emphatically spells salvation in *Strategic Air Command,* a film made in such close collaboration with the United States Strategic Air Command that the latter group seems to have taken over practically every detail except the emotional problems of James Stewart and June Allyson. As it works out, these are little more than an irritating intrusion in a recruiting documentary. The real business of *Strategic*

June Allyson and James Stewart

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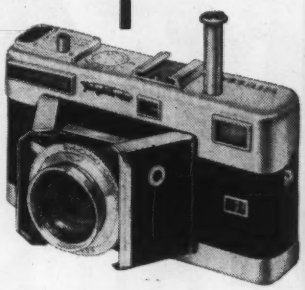

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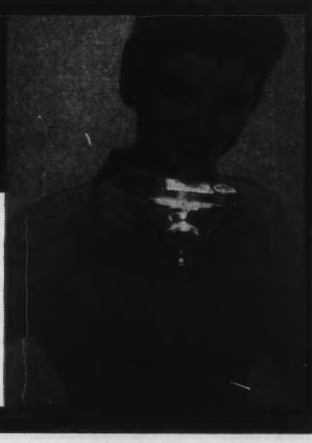

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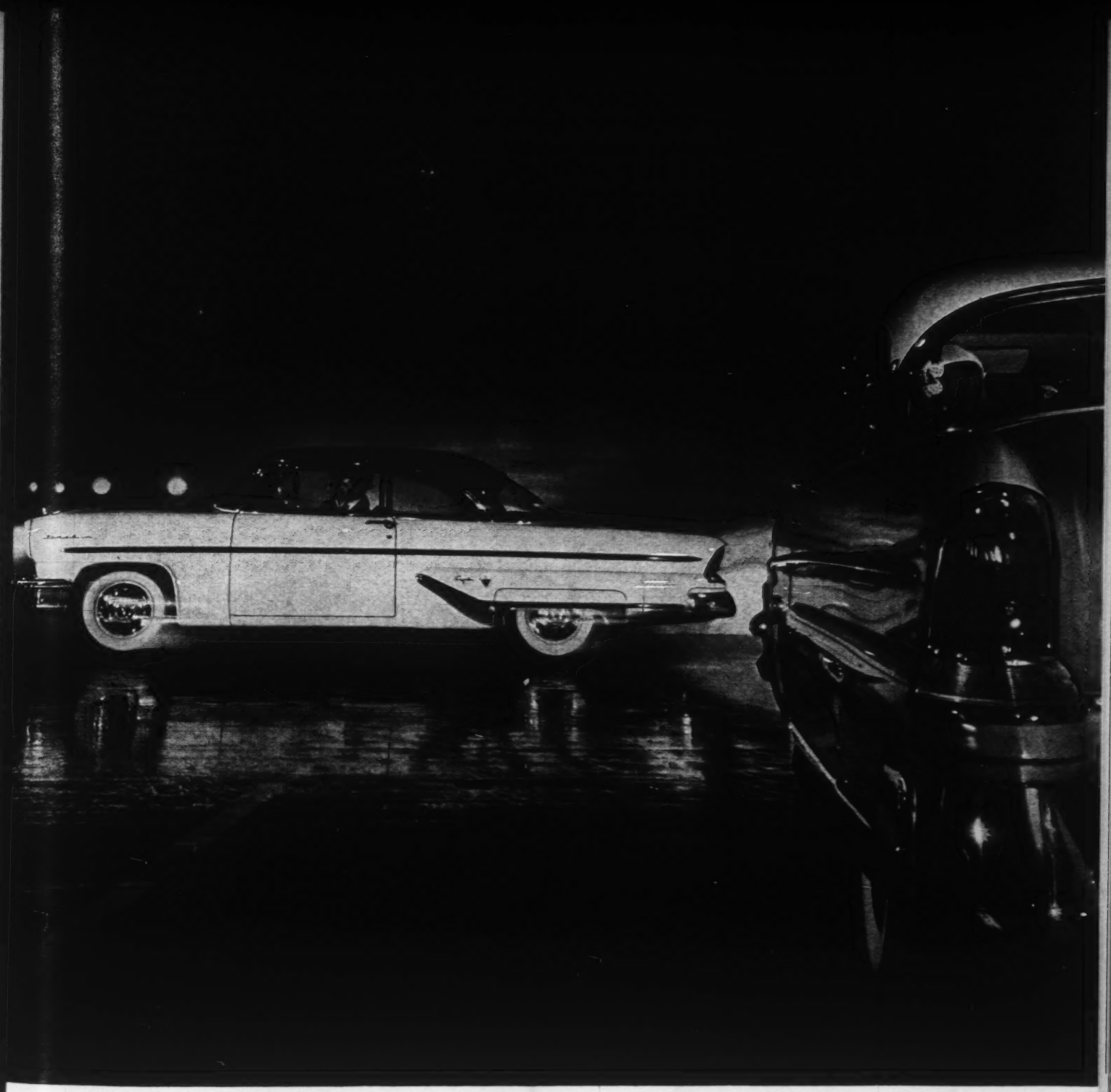
Air Command is to map out, within security limits, the organization, purpose and program of the Strategic Air Command. So the gigantic B-36s and B-47s streak about the globe—to Alaska and back by dinner time, to Greenland, and non-stop from Florida to Japan. The film describes the organization of take-off, flight, rescue, and re-fuelling in mid-air, and gives as well an impressive demonstration of how a plane can be literally talked down from the control room when the pilot finds difficulty in making a landing. Altogether it is a staggering study in technical ingenuity, with the human element as rigidly under control as the machine itself.

Occasionally the producers manage to wrench themselves away from their fascinating story and come back to earth, and when they do the jolt is as disconcerting as though the picture had made a miscalculated landing in the wrong movie lot. The heroine's preoccupation with her pregnancy, her temper tantrums when she finds her husband has just lit out for Japan, etc., etc., seem rather irrelevant and foolish. So do James Stewart's worried fumblings between his domestic obligations and his responsibilities as a qualified operator of a B-47. *Strategic Air Command* makes it clear that these private considerations are of precious little account, but it takes the stars a long time to get round to this point of view, and during their cogitations *Strategic Air Command* stays badly grounded.

It might have been better to omit the story altogether. The human equation doesn't stack up very impressively against the huge geometric propositions that operational bomber B-47 can draw on a Vista-Vision sky.

Man without a Star presents Kirk Douglas as a banjo-strumming Texan who wanders north, and takes a job on a ranch where he gets his first glimpse of indoor plumbing, a sight that rocks him to the soles of his rawhide boots. It's nothing new to the ranch's new owner (Jeanne Crain), a girl so unabashed by modern plumbing that before long she invites the new cowpoke in to watch her take a bath. He takes this in his stride, but what he can't take is barbed wire, an innovation that sends him into tantrums. There's a good deal of fighting and before it is over he discovers that his lady-boss is a good deal tougher and bramblier than any barbed wire that ever came out of the East. It makes a rowdy harum-scarum film and by the time the disputes subside, the barbed wire is accountable for even more blood-letting than the firearms. Gentle Jeanne Crain, cast in a role that might have daunted Barbara Stanwyck, comes through with surprising toughness. As the minstrel cowhand, Kirk Douglas gives a fine high-faluting performance whose exaggerations are lost in the exaggerations of the script.



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Television

Of Sailing Ships and Sealing Wax

by Hugh Garner

Televitis is an inflammation of the psyche that catches up with the televiewer after years and months of constant exposure to the medium. Its symptoms are not the same in every patient, and they may run the gamut from shouting at the children to chronic ennui and dyspepsia. In my case the disease is manifest in a search for flubs and goofs, a mental tearing off of make-up to see what the TV personalities *really* look like, and a psychotic anticipation that the set will someday collapse around Milton Berle's ears, burying him forever.

Like the philatelist who becomes bored with collecting ordinary postage stamps and begins to collect only those that are defective, I find myself picturing Jo Stafford wearing her glasses, Jackie Cooper and Frank Parker without their toupees, Arthur Godfrey in a temper tantrum off-mike, Bishop Sheen's script writers, a member of Guy Lombardo's orchestra putting in a few bop licks on his clarinet, and Ed Sullivan being unable to find a teleprompter.

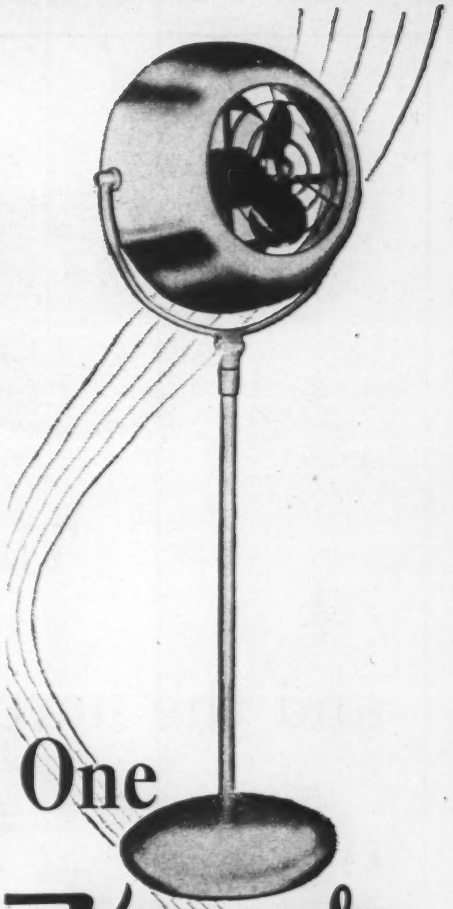
In one of the songs from *Oklahoma!* there is a line that goes something like, "They've gone about as far as they can go". I have been a disbeliever in this since reading of the projected strength of future hydrogen bombs. Now the Columbia Broadcasting system informs me that on its TV network, each Tuesday evening between 10 and 10.30 p.m., it has the granddaddy of all quiz shows project itself into the hydrogen age. "That's the $64 question" has been a slang term for years, but CBS now expects it will be as outmoded as "twenty-three skidoo!". Instead of a $64 jackpot, the program is offering $64,000 (that's right, sixty-four thousand dollars) to the contestant who can answer correctly 17 questions over a four-week period.

A board of university professors chooses the questions, following which the questions and answers are guarded by the Bankers Trust Co. of New York, which also has custody of the money. A contestant chooses his subject from a huge electrically-controlled board which carries 20 to 25 categories; all 17 questions are from the same category.

The series of questions is divided into "plateaus", the first of which gives a successful contestant $512. The second plateau gives a total of $4,000, the next $8,000, and so on. Up to $4,000 the contestant keeps what he has won, whether he flubs the next question or not, but after winning the $8,000 he can choose between trying for $16,000 or taking the $8,000. If he chooses to keep going, and misses, he is given his $4,000 and is out of the contest. This goes on through $32,000 and up to $64,000, with the contestant able to back out each time after answering the questions in the current series, and taking the money he has already won. From the $8,000 question on he will be placed in an "isolation" booth in the middle of the stage, where the audience can see him but he cannot get any instructions from it. At least he will be unable to hear the chorus of "You'll be so-o-crry!", but this time he won't be playing for Mars bars or sixty-four bucks, and the crowd will really mean it.

It promises to be a hot summer, both for the contestants and the fingernail-chewing viewers. The program is to be

The Lineup: Tom Tully (left) and Warner Anderson.



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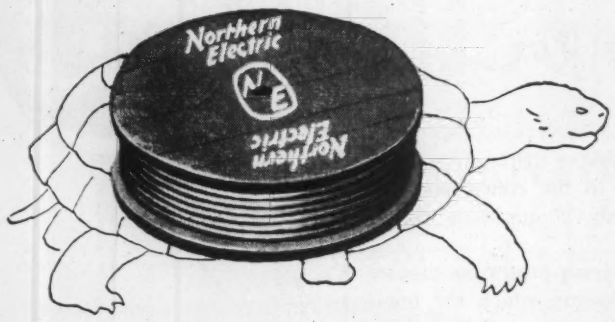

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sponsored by Revlon, but it should be sponsored by the Bayer Aspirin people or the American Medical Association. The contestant has up to $4,000 worth of winnings to finance his nervous breakdown, but who's going to finance ours?

For the past few months I have found myself getting fed up with "Dragnet". There, I've said it and I'm glad! There was a time not long ago when Sergeant Friday and Officer Smith were two of my favorite TV characters, and I hung on to every clipped sentence, every "Yes, ma'am; just give us the facts, ma'am," from what appears to me now to have been a hypnotic trance. I think that "Dragnet" began to drag just about the time that I began to watch another police show called "The Lineup", which is the CBS answer to its NBC rival.

"Lineup" features two San Francisco cops, a police lieutenant and an inspector, who in real life are veteran movie actors Warner Anderson and Tom Tully. The program is fast paced, the crooks look as crooked as all get-out without being stereotypes, the cameras move up and down San Francisco's hills, along its waterfront and Chinatown streets, and the police offices have that authentic shabby look of a real police station. There is also the curious camaraderie and gamesmanship that actually exists between real policemen and veteran lawbreakers.

"Lineup" is not stultified by the queer chopped-up dialogue that features "Dragnet", and there is none of the philosophical sermonizing that Sergeant Friday indulges in every so often. And come to think of it, there is none of the phony "realism" that takes up half the program on "Dragnet", with Officer Smith talking about his aching tooth or his visiting in-laws. And finally, Anderson and Tully look like real policemen.

The biggest television news of the year to me was not that Dagmar was returning, that the $64 question had been multiplied by a thousand, or even that Jackie Gleason had signed an $11 million contract. It was the dropping of space cadet and space patrol sagas from the networks. This has improved my Saturday morning temper considerably, especially since my offspring have passed the age where they want to cut Davy Crockett caps out of mama's racoon coat.

I notice, though, that a pilot film of a new Western series featuring that old Western toughie, Wyatt Earp, is looking for a sponsor. That shouldn't be hard; there's enough cereal on the market. If this trend gets out of hand, they'll be making a hero out of Jesse James, and getting the program sponsored by the Missouri Pacific Railway or Brinks Express. Now, if they would only drop "My Little Margie", and stop those Wednesday evening rows I have with my daughter, I'd be eternally grateful.

Drawing by Franklin Arbuckle, R.C.A.

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Persona Grata

Thought is Infectious

(Cover Story)

The joint convention of the British and Canadian Medical Associations is meeting this month in Toronto under the presidency of a man who has scarcely practised medicine at all, in the professional sense, during his long and notable career. Dr. T. Clarence Routley of Toronto will be the second Canadian to preside over both Associations at the same time in the course of the thirty-one years of their affiliation. It is a formal honor with some significance. For in choosing to honor Dr. Routley, organized medicine in Britain and Canada is commemorating its own collective achievement, and the co-operation that has contributed to this achievement in large measure, rather than the achievements of an individual practitioner or specialist.

Dr. T. Clarence Routley.

Dr. Routley was born in Victoria County, Ontario, in 1889 and graduated from the University of Toronto with an MB in 1915—though his early ambition had been to become an actuary. He went overseas with the Royal Army Medical Corps but his war career was, he says a little ruefully, "very inglorious". He fell off his horse while training in England and when he reverted from the status of patient to doctor, it was only to be judged unfit for active service and attached to the base staff. However, he was at least in a position to develop that understanding of his British colleagues and of British ways which has stood him in good stead as a Commonwealth medical ambassador. "I found them very snooty to begin with," he confesses, "but their confidence once given was never withdrawn."

In 1918, he was appointed Secretary of the Ontario Medical Association and in 1923 he also took over the post of General Secretary of the Canadian Medical Association. During the Second World War he served as General Secretary of the Medical Procurement and Assignment Board at Ottawa, and the aftermath of war brought new and wider challenges to his proven capacity for administration. He acted as medical adviser to the Canadian Delegation to the United Nations in 1946 and was a member of the international commission which set up the World Health Organization. He has subsequently served the latter in an advisory capacity. But closer to his heart has been the World Medical Association, which he helped to establish, and which represents 750,000 doctors in 45 countries. "The World Health Organization without the World Medical Association would be like a power line without the power," he observes. And this approach exemplifies Dr. Routley's contribution to medicine. For he is, above all, a man who gets things done by putting his faith in people rather than institutions. "I have never had a refusal when I have put it to our doctors," he says proudly. And he even found the Russian doctors co-operative when they were still attending international meetings.

While with the Canadian Medical Association, Dr. Routley travelled a million and a half miles. He has crossed the Atlantic forty times since the war. Many people would find so much hurried travel, so many conferences and interim reports and meetings of standing committees an exasperating and sterile experience. And the doctor, devoted to research or absorbed in the daily, tangible work of his profession, might be especially inclined to regard such calls on his time as, at best, a necessary evil. No doubt it has often required much patience of Dr. Routley. But the secret of his success, I suspect, is that he really enjoys it—he really likes meeting people. And the fact that he has spent so little time as a practising doctor may have helped to divorce him from those prejudices and obsessions that would impair his value as an administrator and, indeed, as a diplomat.

In conversation Dr. Routley has a certain grave charm, a considered opti-

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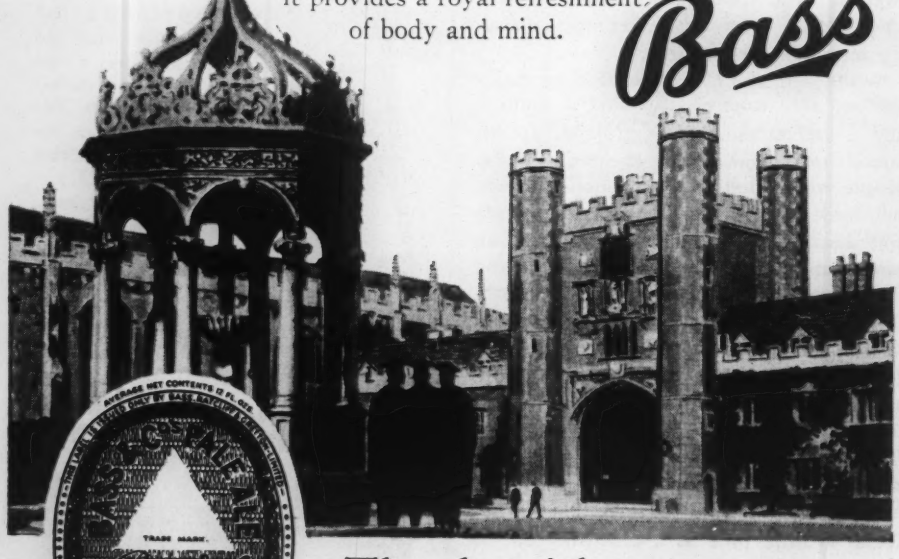

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mism, which might be regarded as the bedside manner. He has the knack of flattering whomever he is dealing with—almost instinctively it seems. "That is a very discerning question," he will say reflectively. And in the course of the careful reply, the point of the question will be politely by-passed — if it seems unduly controversial. He is careful, for instance, not to express any opinions on the rival merits of voluntary and State medicine though he is in the somewhat anomalous position of presiding over Associations that operate under both systems. He stresses only that three factors must be balanced —the quality and the cost of the service and the long-term effects on the future of medicine. This long-term consideration is, indeed, one of the keynotes of his attitude to all problems. It may incline him more to the British than the American way. On the polio vaccine issue, for instance, he favors the more cautious reaction of the British medical authorities.

In this context, there comes to mind the struggle that many of the great men of medical history have had to win acceptance from the medical authorities of their day—Pasteur, Lister and others. Are the medical authorities of today, of which Dr. Routley is such a notable spokesman, more responsive to new ideas and less complacent? Dr. Routley was at least quick to respond to the implication in an indirect question. He is confident that times have changed and that organized medicine will not lag, especially in the development of Canada. "Thought, like disease, is infectious," he reiterates.

Dr. Routley retired from the Chairmanship of the World Medical Association in 1951 and from the Secretaryship of the Canadian Medical Association last year. He is married, with four grown-up children. He has a farm near Toronto where he indulges his interests in horses, trees and the piano. He is also a keen reader — "an itinerant reader" — with a revolving table where twenty or thirty books are laid out for perusal, ranging from Aristotle to the *Art of Living*. He likes biographies the best. In the old jingle, "Geography is about maps while biography is about chaps". And Dr. Routley likes chaps — especially young ones, he says.

But he has no intention of retiring from active life. If he deplores the pressure of modern life and the many breakdowns it causes, he himself does not give the impression that, despite his busy life, he suffers from ulcers or neglects the art of living. He is planning a couple of books—one autobiographical and the other dealing with the early history of Canadian medicine. And he will devote much time to helping the World Medical Association. He is proud of the work which this Association, together with the World Health Organization, has already done in relieving

...e suffering of the backward regions—...nd in the fight against Communism. "A ...ain in the belly knows no language," he ...notes, "only relief." At the same time he ...oints out that the annual budget of the WHO is less than the price of four bomb...s. Malaria, venereal disease, yaws — ...ese, he considers, are the great scourges ...o be conquered. And the primary need is ...or education.

Behind the façade of the polished administrator, there seems to lurk, indeed, something of the fervor of the medical missionary. He has received, he says, all the honors he could wish for. He was the first elected Charter Member of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of Canada. He was appointed Honorary Consultant General of the World Medical Association in 1951. He received the rare F. N. G. Starr Award from the Canadian Medical Association, the CBE for his war services and an LL.D. from both Queen's and Dalhousie. But he speaks movingly of Wilfred Grenfell and Albert Schweitzer—the men who chose a different path. He is a religious man. And one senses that the work of the World Medical Association in the humanitarian service of the post-war world has brought him a satisfaction which was previously wanting. Nearer at home he sees one of the great challenges to be the task of rehabilitation and he is confident that the medical profession is increasingly aware of the importance of "treating the patient as a whole" — of taking into account all the related problems of mental health and social environment. Only on one matter does his faith desert him: "Our plans for civil defence? I would rather talk about civil disaster."

•

Ezra Pound's Canto 85

There is no knowledge but of the changing world
(he teaches)
things not worth knowing you'd think—
but what else is there?
Then act, action, to act,
looking into the heart.
What else is there?

Confucius said this, and if he did
for our time,
with this accent.
"Hi—ro—shi—ma—
Nagasaki—
peace in the world
or the world in pieces."

And the heart in the middle,
an ethic
with the heart in the middle:
J'AYME DONC JE SUIS.
(How great must one be
—with so much, with so little.)

Louis Dudek

Royal Bank Manager Watches Prime Beef Go To Market

It's a little chilly in a meat packing plant, but this manager of one of our Western branches (*left*) likes to see at first hand what goes on in this and other industries that come to him for banking service and advice.

In this he is typical of the men who head up more than 740 Royal Bank branches in communities across the country. They like to get away from their desks from time to time — to meet the men on the assembly line, to see new plants and processes, to get the "feel" of the businesses that look to them for much more than routine banking.

Perhaps their approach to their job is in line with the way you run *your* business. Perhaps the time has come to get together . . .

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E. C. GILL, of Toronto, May 18 was elected President of the Canadian Life Insurance Officers Association in annual session at Montebello, P. Q. Mr. Gill is President of the Canada Life Assurance Company and succeeds in office A. Bruce Matthews, President of the Excelsior Life. *

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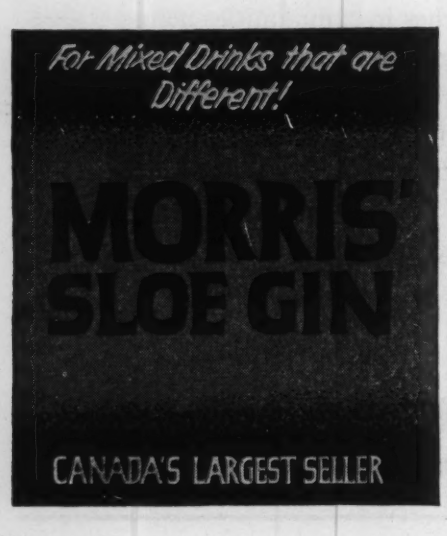


Chess Problem

by "Centaur"

The Number of permutations of masked batteries theoretically possible in two-movers is astonishing; in lateral and diagonal types aimed directly at the black King there are over a thousand. There may be three or four pieces in the battery line. Of those with three pieces, if the two intervening pieces are black, we have the so-called half-pin. Mostly they are mixed, one white and one black.

In the rarer type, where all three pieces are white, the rear piece may just give support when the battery is fired, preventing the front pieces being captured by the black King.

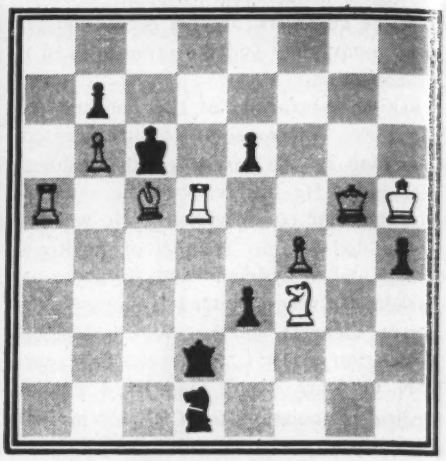
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 117

Key-move 1.Kt-B4, threatening 2.QxKt (5) mate. If Kt(4)-K5; 2.Kt-K7 mate. If Kt(3)-K5; 2.B-Kt4 mate. If KtxB; 2.Kt-Q6 mate. If KxKt; 2.BxR mate.

This is an original masked battery, wi all white pieces and a flight, extreme complex and difficult to present. Ther is a dual mate after Kt-K3.

PROBLEM NO. 118, by F. von Wardene

Black—Seven Pieces.



White—Eight Pieces.

White mates in two.

Ring the Changes

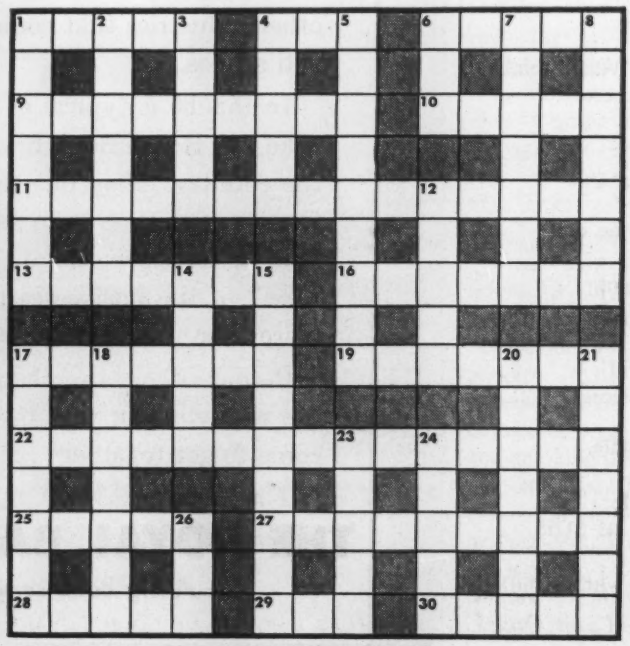
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

Across

1. Ring-leader of the operatic stage? (5)
4. Vehicle for a kiss, by the sound of it. (3)
6. He did for the ballet what Toulouse-Lautrec did for the Can-Can. (5)
9. Cafes rise to make this dish. (9)
10. Land on this river in Africa. (5)
11. TRICED, when put in order, are. (7, 2, 6)
13. Trains a singer, who could not — (7)
16. — conceivably this 1A! (7)
17. In which a chartered accountant slept with a member of parliament? (4, 3)
19. She naturally needs dressing room back stage. (7)
22. Fireworks at sea? (8, 7)
25. Is one changed like 6D? (5)
27. But it wasn't Wagner's swan-song. (9)
28. It will get me in the end! (5)
29. It can happen to what waits for no man. (3)
30. Rents . . . . . are the makings of 21. (5)

Down

1. Musically very loud in the Welsh country. (7)
2, 15. They loved to die — for Wagner. (7, 3, 6)
3. Did the Frenchman "wander lonely as" one. (5)
4. Wagnerian sopranos raise theirs in song. (5)
5. That German line that stemmed from Wagner and 1A. (9)
6. See 24.
7. One Moses who laid it on thick. (7)
8. Just to be different, let's eat in town. (7)
12. Where "The Ring" was liquidated? (5)
14. Drum often played with a pipe or bat, perhaps? (5)
15. See 2.
17. The song of the voice. (7)
18. Did the fireman who went the wrong way — fail to make a report? (7)
20. A permanent mark against the Russian? (7)
21. Head off gifts? (7)
23. He got his B.A. in a roundabout way in India. (5)
24, 6. He proved himself a better man than a 23. (5, 3)
26. Here it is at last. (3)



SOLUTION TO LAST PUZZLE

Across

1. Bad
3. Hand in glove
9. Locates
10. Pollute
11. Overruled
12. Idem
14. Festoons
16. Cotter
18. Recite
20. Nonsense
23. Golf
24. Out of hand
27. Cheetah
28. Ace high
29. Exasperated 30. G p

Down

1. Bill-of-fare
2. Dickens
3. Hater
4. Nestling
5. Impede
6. Golliwogs
7. Opulent
8. Even
13. Friendship
15. Out of step
17. Portrait
19. Cholera
21. Nearing
22. Gopher 25. Freed
26. Ache

Sports

Woodbine and the Colonel

by Jim Coleman

It is singularly fitting that, in the final season of thoroughbred racing at beautiful old Woodbine Park in Toronto, the directorate of the august Ontario Jockey Club should be presided over by Kenric Rudolphus Marshall, a gentleman whose own sporting career encompasses the greater portion of the history of that unique Canadian institution.

Colonel Marshall's personal recollections of Woodbine go back to 1892. His only rival in the Ontario Jockey Club's official family is Clocker Thomas J. Bird, a gaffer of 80, who is beginning his 61st consecutive year of attendance at the Toronto race course.

For persons of real sporting instincts, the traditionalists and the nostalgic old-timers, there will be a severe wrench when the Ontario Jockey Club abandons its present headquarters on the immaculately-manicured 80 acres which originally were known as "Deacon Duggan's Farm". The Colonel is a traditionalist and a gentleman of the finest sporting instincts but his vigorous mien and his record as a successful industrialist would belie any suggestion that he can be typed as a "nostalgic old-timer". However, The Colonel epitomizes the spirit and the singular atmosphere of Woodbine.

The simple and rather tragic truth is that Canadian racing has outgrown Woodbine's 80 acres. Even the most mercenary two-buck bettor regrets leaving the old track, but the fact has become obvious that present-day audiences cannot be accommodated in such limited surroundings. Accordingly, the Ontario Jockey Club has purchased an 800-acre property in Etobicoke, near Malton Airport, and is building a magnificent course which will be opened a year from now. To maintain the link with the past, the new course will be named Woodbine, too, and as many of the traditions of the past as can withstand sudden transplantation will make the trip from the Victorian era to the atomic age.

To understand the reluctance with which Canadians are going to quit their old playground, it is necessary to understand that Woodbine hasn't been a mere sports ground—it has been part of a disappearing way of life. No matter how beautiful, how well-appointed or how comfortable the new track may be, never can it be expected to evoke the warm atmosphere of the 80-acre roadblock in Toronto's tumultuously - populated east end.

Woodbine has been loved by those who, through the years, have sat in its rambling, sun - bathed stands. Woodbine has been cursed by office-workers who, nightly, have fought their way home through the heavy traffic, only to find their rubber - tired paths obstructed by 6,000 to 20,000 persons who were fortunate enough to spend their afternoons on those same green Woodbine lawns and whose cars were disgorged into the tangle of evening traffic.

Colonel K. R. Marshall: Adds up to a lot of Queen's Plates.

One recent evening, your correspondent sat with Colonel Marshall on a bench on the Woodbine club house lawn, just before dusk. The shadows were lengthening and the wind was stirring the leaves of those magnificent elms. It was the hour of the evening when, in imagination, one could hear again the thudding hoof-beats of the fine horses that have fought their way through that agonizing three furlongs of the home-stretch. While we sat there, the night watchman made his first evening rounds — a nightwatchman named "Skippy" who has lived with thoroughbred horses for 60 years.

As "Skippy" passed The Colonel's bench, he tipped his hand to the peak of his cap and murmured, "Good evening, sir". The Colonel acknowledged the salute with a wave of his cane and a few polite words such as pass between men who love horses and then he took a quick, pleased look around him and stared out towards the waters of Lake Ontario.

It was one of those rare moments when The Colonel was in the mood to talk of the past. Some day, perhaps, he can be persuaded to write his own personal history of Woodbine. For now, it must suffice that I recall his words as he spoke them that evening:

"The first of my many visits to Woodbine," said The Colonel, "was in the company of my mother and father who, as usual, drove down in a carriage on the Twenty-fourth of May in 1892 to see Mr. Joseph Seagram's O'Donaghue win The Queen's Plate. I saw every Queen's Plate with the exception of Joe Miller's in 1894 and the five years when I was away at war. It adds up to a lot of Queen's Plates.

"Driving down from our home on Sherbourne Street, we had a choice of two routes. One was Queen Street and the other was along Eastern Avenue. We chose the latter. The scene on the highway was much like driving from London to Epsom Downs to see The Derby. The road was full of traffic: smart carriages, buggies, high dog-carts, the odd tallyho coach and a few sporting tandems. There were traffic jams in those days and it was a long trip, too. It was common to see the leader in a tandem attempt to climb into the vehicle he was pulling. That first day was a gay sight — indignant coachmen blowing their horns and children racing alongside asking favors of the handsomely-dressed ladies and gentlemen in the carriages.

"There was very little parking space at Woodbine in those days and it was the custom for the coachmen to unload their passengers and then take their carriages outside the track fences. The coachmen would peer over the fences until the day's racing was concluded.

"The Woodbine grandstand was very small—much like a country fair. The fields of horses were small and contestants usu-

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ally were owned by such prominent breeders as Mr. Seagram, William Hendrie, Robert Davies, Nathaniel Dyment, J. P. Dawes and a few Americans. I remember my father introducing me to Mr. Roddy Pringle who won the first Queen's Plate at Woodbine. I recall, too, that he introduced me to Dr. Strange, Sir Frank Smith, Colonel Casimir Gzowski, T. C. Patteson, William Christie and Joseph "The Deacon" Duggan who owned the property on which the course was built.

"An old gentleman named Lyndhurst Ogden was secretary of the Ontario Jockey Club and clerk of the course in those days and it was a notable sight to see him riding a stout black pony to watch the horses being started. Then, he'd ride back to the scales at a gallop to be sure that all the jockeys had been carrying the correct weights."

The Colonel yarned on for some time, in magnificent form. He told of the changes which had come with the years—how Joseph "The Deacon" Duggan originally had purchased the Woodbine property as a country estate and sold the lakeshore portion of it to two publicans named Pardee and Howell. The Messrs Pardee and Howell built a road house and race track. The road house was burned to the ground and the race track suffered from financial anaemia until 1881 when the Ontario Jockey Club acquired the property on lease from Mr. Duggan.

The Colonel, who never has forgiven his fellow-directors completely for having abandoned steeplechasing, mentioned many of the old names such as Walter Northgrave, D. L. "Lally" McCarthy, Stuart Huston, the Mackenzies, Kirkfield Stable, J. K. L. Ross, George W. Beardmore, Carruthers and Shields, T. P. Phelan, Robert Davies, Frank Procter, George M. Hendrie, Allen Case, and Leigh McCarthy. He went on to mention such latter-day breeders as Colonel R. S. McLaughlin, H. C. Hatch and E. P. Taylor as men who have made their immense contributions to Canada's largest spectator sport.

It had become quite dark when The Colonel decided that he had spoken enough for one evening. The spell was broken when "Skippy", the watchman, retraced his steps and once again saluted respectfully. The Colonel cleared his throat gruffly and said: "We were just talking about old times—these young fellows don't understand about those old days".

Although never can I find the words to tell him at such times, I wish The Colonel to know that as long as there are persons who love horse racing, the name of his old Woodbine never will die. There will be many of us who will be standing in the shadows next September when The Colonel lowers the Union Jack from the Woodbine flagpole for the last time. For one, I can say that it will be a brief moment which I shall never forget.

Business

Mass Housing — At Less Than Cost

by Robson Black

There's no trick to erecting modern homes for the masses if the masses get them below cost. Sweden provides 60,000 smartly-fashioned new dwelling units for her seven millions of people each year, but the occupier does not, as a rule, pay an "economic rent", nor does he pay more than part of the construction outlays on a home he puts up for himself. One explanation is found in the conviction of all classes that good homes are essential to a good society. They are regarded as no more a "privilege" than police and fire protection.

This attitude is recognized and confirmed by the policies of all political parties. And from this total agreement on the home building problem has come a system of subventions that taxes the "Haves" so that the "Have Nots" shall dwell in comfort.

In many areas a more practical reason applies. Sweden's industrial establishments are greatly decentralized. Hundreds of them have located in rural districts where extensive housing for workers became a first requirement. Accustomed in many instances to lower rents in a poorer community, the labor force managed to saddle the costs of new accommodation on three broad backs: the industrial employer and the municipal and national treasuries.

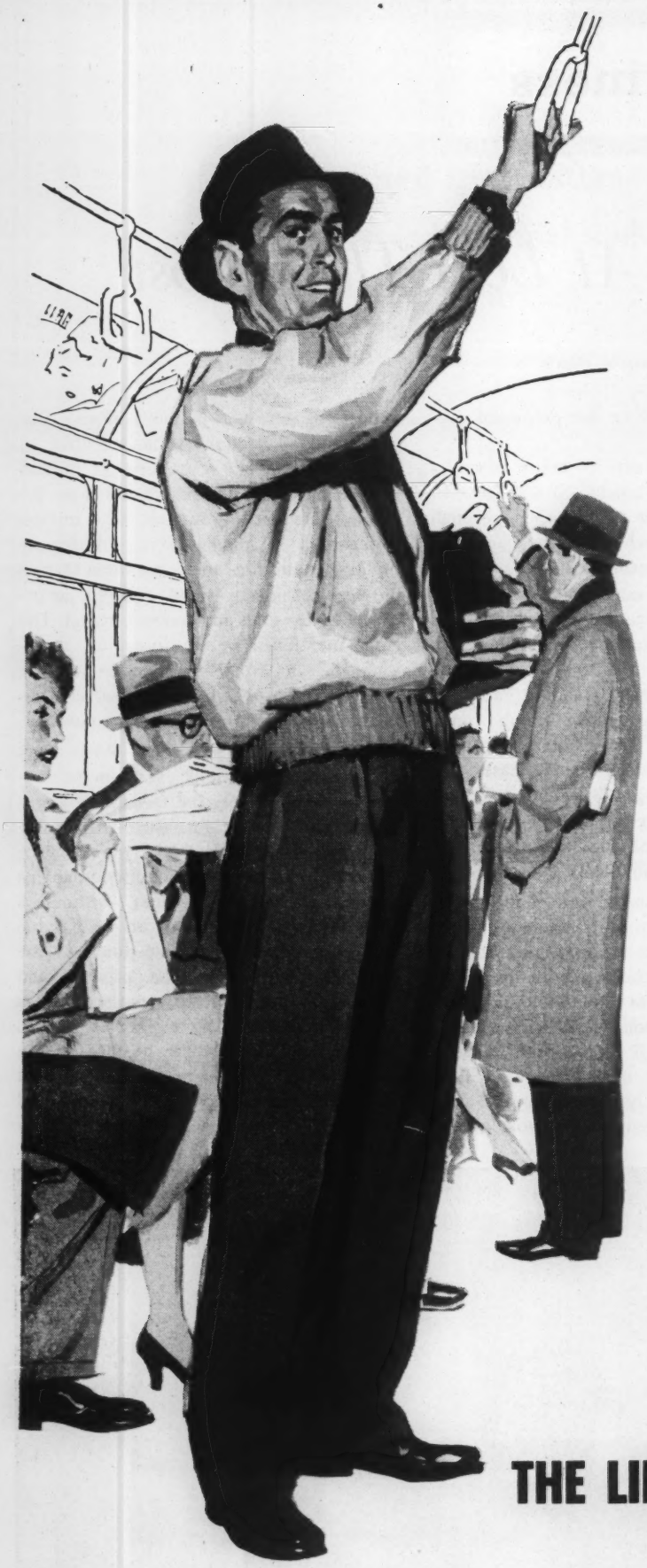
For a dwelling costing $4,000-$5,000, the tenant employee pays from $15 to $25 a month. If he builds a cottage for himself, he escapes a large portion of the burden by cash gifts from his employer and the town council and cheap loans from the Swedish government. In some of the new housing projects of the big pulp and paper companies, if a workman remains on his job for ten years he is given a free deed to his company-built home. During the interval, he pays hardly more than $20 a month rent. This may look to Canadians like sheer philanthropy, but the Swedish corporate landlord will tell you it is much cheaper in the long run than a continuous turnover of his labor staff. If you think he's wrong, consider the recent statement from one of the most active forest-industry centres of Ontario that the turnover of labor-supply represented a loss of up to two dollars a cord on the pulpwood produced.

Close to 90 per cent of house construction in Sweden is conducted with government money. This is arranged through credit institutions which advance up to 85 per cent of the estimated value of the structure. Interest rates are held to 3 per cent on first mortgages, loans being paid off by annual instalments extending over 40 years for brick, and 30 years for wooden houses. The central lending authority, and not the private builder, sets the rental levels, gauged by the capital investment and operating costs. In some cases, the builder is encouraged by exemption from loan interest during the first ten years, and at the maturity of the loan the capital obligation is automatically cancelled.

"Subvention" has an innocuous sound, but it finally calls on someone for hard cash. The price to the taxpayers of Sweden for helping thousands of people to get housing bargains amounts to $160 million a year, or about $2.30 for each unit of population. Half of this sum is in the form of three per cent loans, not all of which are finally returnable to the state. The other half comprises a most curious pattern of outright public bonuses. For example, $40 million is handed over to those repairing old residences; $2 million goes to the banks to compensate them for making loans at low interest; $2.4 million is awarded to municipal or semi-private building authorities to enable them to give old-age pensioners small modern apartments at less than an economic rental. The sums mentioned in the foregoing, represent the dollar-exchange value of the Swedish crown which, within Sweden, has nearly twice as much purchasing power.

One may ask at this point: What effect do housing subventions exert on the mobility of labor? Does the fact that a worker occupies a home furnished, in part, by his employer and the local municipality, chain him to his job and discourage his moving elsewhere? It does, without a doubt, but this factor is of immense value to the continuity of production and the increasing quality of the product and meets with full approval from employees and their unions. Any worker is free to pick up and move where he pleases, but as industrial towns become more and more uniform in housing standards and recreational advantages, the itinerant is

These typical workers' homes in a Swedish industrial suburb rent for $35 to $40 a month with costs subsidized by government and employer.



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ROGER HACKNEY, Treasurer

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not likely to improve his lot. Furthermore, no company, whatever its social benefactions, attempts to influence municipal government, so that the spectre of paternalism, commonly associated with company-towns, rarely appears.

At Vasteros, centre of the great electrical machinery plants of the Swedish General Electric Company, the writer made a round of self-contained bachelor apartments, built with company funds, and renting for as little as $13 a month. Somewhat larger quarters for a small family were priced at $20 monthly. Nor does the worker's advantage end with low rentals. Should they amount to as much as $340 a year, assuming he has two children under his roof, he gets a reduction of $60 a year from his landlord, together with a credit of $30 to help pay his heating. Both of these latter concessions come eventually from the national treasury.

Sooner or later, the Canadian visitor to Stockholm comes upon a housing scheme probably without parallel in other parts of the world. The municipal council of Stockholm, now engaged in building suburban apartment houses and all the appurtenances of a self-contained community at a cost of $300 million has made a unique provision for old-age pensioners. The humane motive behind this plan is to avoid segregating old folk in institutions by distributing them to apartment buildings where they may have daily contact with younger tenants. For a rental of $17.80 monthly, the pensioner and his wife have a living-room, bathroom, kitchenette, and balcony, attractively decorated and well-equipped. The Swedes appear to have a distaste for institutional treatment of the aged, the blind, and the destitute juvenile.

Suppose a Swedish worker or office clerk sets out to build a cottage in an industrial community, taking advantage of the mutual-assistance schemes in vogue. His specifications may call for a living-room with dining section, bedroom, bathroom, kitchen, plus an unfinished upstairs ready for an extra bedroom. The total cost is placed at $3,900. To this, he contributes $200 and $300 worth of his own labor. The outright state and municipal subventions amount to $580, amplified by his employer's gift of $800. Loans from the state total $2,020. During his first year, he faces an "extra" of 3.6 per cent of the loans to cover the cost of issue. From the second to the fifth year, his loan interest, taxes, and upkeep run to only $9.85 a month. From the fifth year onward, with amortization of part of his loan commencing, his monthly outlay rises to $11.76. Meanwhile, he occupies a snug little home on which he spent just $500 of his personal cash and labor.

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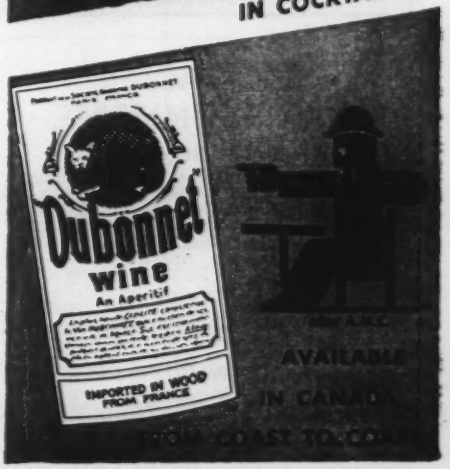

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THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 274

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of thirty cents per fully-paid share on the outstanding Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending July 31, 1955, payable at the Bank and its branches on August 1, 1955, to shareholders of record at the close of business on June 30, 1955.

Subscribers to new shares are reminded that they will rank for this dividend only in the proportion that the amount paid upon such new shares at the record date of June 30, 1955, bears to the subscription price of $27.

By Order of the Board.

N. J. McKINNON,
General Manager

Toronto, May 27, 1955

Gold & Dross

Canadian Petrofina

I have tried to read through the prospectus in connection with an issue of $25 million of Canadian Petrofina Sinking Fund Debentures, but an ordinary human being becomes pretty dizzy trying to comprehend its contents and to ascertain definitely what assets the company has. — S. B., Toronto.

Sorry, I'm only an ordinary human being too. Blame the lawyers who draw up the legislation that makes a prospectus so complicated. Note that the balance sheet at the end of 1954 shows the value of the company's plant and equipment at almost $20 million.

Petrofina is a new entrant into the Canadian oil industry, backed largely by Belgian money. It is building in Montreal what is claimed to be the most modern refinery in the world. It has deals with pipeline companies which will put it smack into the rich southern Ontario market.

Also, don't forget that a debenture is an IOU. You have to trust the people behind a company when you take its IOU. The only real security you have is the company's ability to make money.

Alberta Distillers

I recently purchased some shares of Alberta Distillers at $1.90. What is your opinion of this firm and what are the possibilities of a capital gain? Also what are the chances of future dividends?— A. C., South Porcupine, Ont.

Alberta Distillers is a relative newcomer to the liquor industry. It was formed in 1946 as a private company and became a public company in 1949.

It makes and sells whisky, rum, gin, liqueurs, industrial and commercial alcohol and sells distillery by-products. Lately, it has been concentrating to a great extent on expanding sales into the lucrative Ontario market where it is reported to have found a ready reception.

Alberta Distillers' main market is on the Prairies, but it also sells to the United States, Hong Kong, Japan, Korea and other countries.

Like other liquor companies, its prosperity depends to a large degree on the nation's prosperity. And, like other firms, it must conduct aggressive advertising and sales campaigns to win markets — particularly when it is remembered that the company must buck the high-powered competition of major distillers like Seagram's and Walker's.

But Alberta Distillers is making headway, according to gossip in the industry. Any investment in this firm must be considered long-term. Businesses are not built overnight. Certainly, dividends are in the dim future. Last year the company had a net loss of $167,733. At May 31, 1954, it had a deficit of about $524,000. Results of marketing efforts in Ontario will be better known when the report for the current year's operations is published.

The stock is a relatively quiet trader and currently sells at about $1.80. It might be considered an industrial speculation with fairly attractive possibilities for capital gain, but will need close watching.

Anglo-Newfoundland

I would appreciate your opinion on my 500 shares of Anglo-Newfoundland Development Corp.—M. R. W., Vancouver.

Anglo-Newfoundland is a major industry in Canada's tenth province which has links in newsprint, mining and shipping. Its newsprint mill at Grand Falls, Newfoundland, has a capacity of about 280,000 tons a year. It also has plants at Bishop's Falls, Nfld., and Chandler, Que.

Its mining interests, through a subsidiary — Terra Nova Properties — include a 50 per cent cut in Buchans Mining, which is a subsidiary of the giant American Smelting and Refining.

This combination has made Anglo-Newfoundland a favorite investment for those investors who want to participate in our expected long-run growth of the development of our natural resources.

Investment interest has increased considerably in recent months following reports that the company is eyeing Ontario. The provincial government gave Anglo-Newfoundland an 18 months' licence to examine extensive forest reserves in the Sioux Lookout area. If all goes well, a $35 million to $50 million pulp and paper plant will be built in that area by Anglo-Newfoundland.

Earnings have tended to bounce around considerably in line with swings in the value of the U.S. dollar and changes in lead and zinc prices. However, last year it made a profit of some $3.6 million, up from $2.9 million in 1953 and equal to 66 cents a share, compared with 53 cents. Dividends are at the rate of 60 cents annually, established in 1935, and at current stock price of about $13 the shares return some 4.7 per cent — slightly better than yields obtainable on many other pulp and paper stocks.

Some factors which make the com-

pany's shares look relatively attractive include the recent improvement in the United States dollar (the higher the value of the U.S. money the better the income from newsprint sold to the Americans) and firmness in lead and zinc prices.

Adding further interest to Anglo-Newfoundland is its participation with 23 other international firms in BRINCO (British Newfoundland Corp.), which promotes Newfoundland development.

The financial position is strong. At the end of 1954, working capital was about $19.5 million with cash and investments totalling $7.2 million.

Consolidated Mining

I would appreciate your advice on Consolidated Mining and Smelting. I own 450 shares at $27.—J. T. S., Vancouver.

Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co., of Canada—familiarly known as Cominco or Smelters—is one of the world's largest producers of lead, zinc, silver and fertilizers. It also produces a wide variety of other metals, ammonia and sulphuric acid.

As a major metal producer, its earnings naturally fluctuate with changes in prices of principal metals. It should be noted that lead and zinc have been showing stronger tendencies recently. However, as the company's president points out, buying by the United States government for its defence stockpiles is the dominant force in world supply and demand for these metals.

Last year, earnings improved considerably to some $25 million or $1.53 a share from $20.4 million or $1.25 a share in 1953. This gain was after considerable increases in income taxes and depreciation provisions. Earnings so far this year are running substantially higher than early in 1954, largely because of higher base metal prices.

However, the fertilizer business doesn't look too good. The company has reported that 1954 was the turning point in the fertilizer market with supply exceeding demand for the first time since the end of the Second World War.

As a major company in the mining industry, Cominco conducts extensive hunts for new sources of supply. Its most promising property and probably its most developed one is in the Pine Point area near Great Slave Lake in the Northwest Territories, where extensive deposits of high-grade lead and zinc have been found. Cominco controls the company formed to develop this property and recently announced that it was considering bringing it into production.

Smelters is controlled by the Canadian Pacific Railway, which owns some 8.4 million of the 16.3 million shares outstanding. The stock currently trades at its

Canada's Oil Industry

Featured in our June Review and Securities List is a summary of the present situation and future prospects of the Canadian oil industry together with interesting information about three of the leading Canadian integrated oil companies.

The bonds and shares of these companies deserve a place in most investment portfolios, the senior securities being among the highest grade corporation investments obtainable, while the common shares offer a participation in a growing industry of fundamental importance to the Canadian economy.

Another feature of our June Review and Securities List is a brief description of the World Bank and its activities. Summaries of five security offerings are also included together with a representative list of bonds, debentures, preferred and common shares for June investment.

A copy of our June Review and Securities List will be sent upon request.

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1955 high of $36 and sold as low as $29 this year. Regular semi-annual dividends of 40 cents have been paid and extra dividends of 55 cents were distributed on 1954 earnings.

The shares offer an attractive medium for participation in Canada's natural resource development and the $27 price you paid certainly looks attractive now.

In Brief

In 1938 I bought 500 shares of Hutchison Lake Gold Mines. Is it of any value?—W. A. M., Winnipeg.

This is now 125 shares of Maylac Gold Mines, which hasn't done a thing since 1947.

I hold shares of Westmont Oils Ltd., purchased in 1929 at 10 cents a share. Is the company still active in any way? — M. F. L., Grande Prairie, Alta.

As dead as King Tut.

Any prospects for the forgotten Big Six Oil Co.?—B. T., Battle Heights, Sask.

A big zero.

I would appreciate knowing if any of these certificates are worthwhile retaining or if they can all be consigned to the ash-can: Central Manitoba Mines Ltd.; English Brook Gold Mining Co.; Illinois-Alberta Oils; Devenish Petroleum. — G. E. D., Winnipeg.

Let's not overload that modern Winnipeg incinerator. Central Manitoba is still around.

What are my chances on Tartan Petroleums?—G. D., Beverly, Alta.

Did you ever draw a royal flush in poker?

I own . . . United Mic Mac Mines, but have received no information since 1950. What shall I do with these shares? — F. M. E., Winnipeg.

Take your pick—the wall or the stove.

I have a few shares in Alberta Giant Oil Co.—W. H. G., Westlock, Alta.

This may have been a giant at one time, but he can't be found now.

I have several thousand shares of Torhio Oil Corp., and would like to know the present status of this company.—N. L. P., Mont Joli, Que.

Just hanging around.

I would like very much to get an appraisal and prospects for the future of Bourbeau Lake Gold Mines.—C. C. M., Huntsville, Ont.

What future? It's inactive.

Who's Who in Business

Tradition of Service

by John Irwin

Alfred Lloyd Penhale, president of Asbestos Corporation Limited, is continuing a family tradition of service to the industry and the community. His grandfather, Matthew Penhale, and his father, Col. J. J. Penhale, DSO, were pioneers of the Canadian asbestos industry which had its beginnings in the Eastern townships of Quebec in 1876. It was at Black Lake, Quebec, in 1885, that the pioneer Penhales (a fine old Cornish name) put into operation the first asbestos mill in the world. The basic principles involved in the separation of asbestos fibre from the rock in that first mill are still used in the recently completed multi-million dollar one at the Company's new Normandie Mine, the construction of which Mr. Penhale recommended to his co - directors some years ago.

Alfred L. Penhale

Mr. Penhale was born at Sherbrooke, Quebec, on October 11, 1901, and educated there. He worked for a lumber company and served for two years as a reporter for the *Sherbrooke Daily Record* before joining Asbestos Corporation of Canada Limited, the predecessor of the present company, in 1923 when his father was assistant general manager. As private secretary to the general manager, he acquired a proficiency in shorthand which he retains and still finds "most useful". He had a thorough and complete training in the complex operations of the company. In 1937 he was appointed general sales manager, became secretary in 1943, general manager in 1948, and the following year was appointed president and managing director.

A tall, modest man, impeccably dressed, he has charm, warmth and good humor. An entertaining conversationalist, he reveals a wide and penetrating knowledge of current provincial, national and international affairs.

Like his father before him (who was one of its founders), he is active in the affairs of the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy. At the Institute's annual meeting in Toronto in April he was elected president, a source of pride to his mother, who lives with his family which consists of his wife, the former Edith McNaughton and their two sons and two daughters. Mr. Penhale is also a director of the Canadian Metal Mining Association, past president of the Quebec Asbestos Mining Association, a member of the board of the Woods Manufacturing Company, the Standard Life Assurance Company of Edinburgh and the Champlain Oil Products Limited.

For many years an active golfer, curler, tennis and badminton player, he has given up this sort of vigorous relaxation for the less strenuous but exciting sport of trout fishing. He is also an enthusiastic amateur photographer. He is particularly proud of a set of color pictures of two fine speckled trout, both over five pounds, which he caught "with my favorite fly, a Zulu". He is a member of the Stadacona Fish and Game Club and also holds memberships in the St. James's and Mount Royal Clubs in Montreal and the Canadian Club in New York.

As his company exports 95 per cent of the asbestos it mines, it is not surprising that Alfred Penhale is a world traveller. He has visited Europe and South and Central America and he recently returned from a business trip which took him to Australia, New Zealand, Malaya, India, Egypt, France, Germany and the U.K.

He feels that the mineral industry in Canada offers the greatest assurance for this country's future. The great new base metal, iron ore and petroleum developments make enormous contributions to the national economy, both directly and indirectly. The federal government recognizes this and has adopted a liberal policy towards the industry which has been an encouraging factor in this development.

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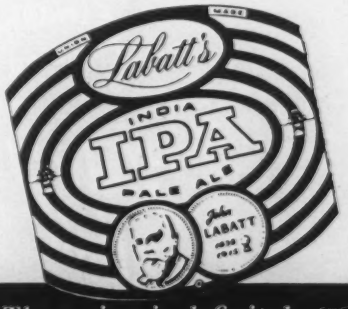

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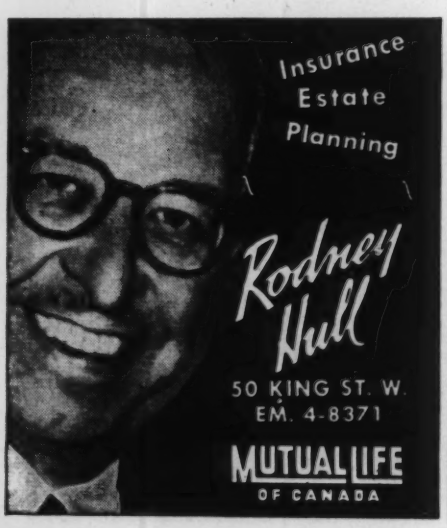
Notice is hereby given that a dividend of thirty-seven and one-half cents (37½c) per share has been declared for the quarter ending June 30, 1955 payable on July 15, 1955, to shareholders of record at the close of business June 15, 1955.

By Order of the Board.

J. PLUMPTON,
Secretary.



Insurance

Protection in Building a New Home

by William Sclater

Building in Canada is booming along in unprecedented volume. The biggest percentage of new capital investment is still going into construction, including new housing.

These circumstances have resulted in the influx of many new builders into the housing field to meet the demands of the new homeowners. Some of these new builders are neither as experienced nor as financially secure as they should be, and many of the new homeowners, failing to take even elementary precautions to check the reputation and financial stability of the builder they engage, have had some unfortunate experiences.

The proper time to do something about the possibility of such a situation arising is before contracting with a builder to put up a house. Make sure that he is a reputable builder of sound financial standing. You can, of course, employ a lawyer. That is always advisable in a transaction of this kind. You can also make sure that a contract bond is taken out which will give you a surety that your house will be completed at no loss to you regardless of what happens to the builder. This is an insurance coverage designed specifically for this purpose.

The contract bond guarantees that the house will be completed in accordance with the specifications and at the contract price agreed upon up to the amount of the bond.

Have your building contract drawn up clearly, stating the specifications in detail. If you have any difficulty in this matter take a look at the specifications drawn up by the VLA for veterans' housing. You can't do much better. Know exactly what you are contracting for and make sure the builder knows too. In the event that your contract bond has to be exercised, there will be exact details to rely on, not vague verbal agreements that have no status in law.

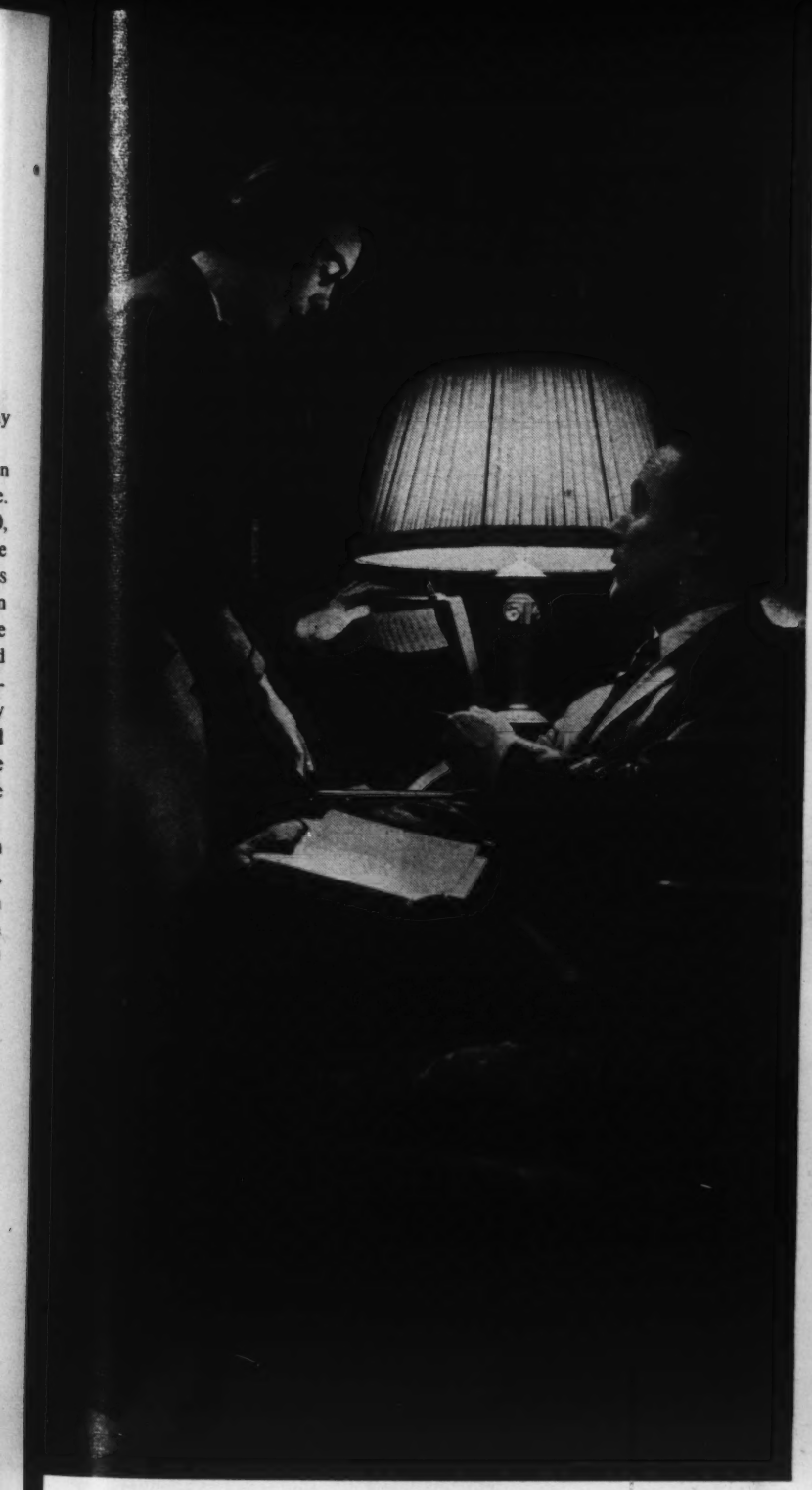
Another word to be careful with is "Holdback". Monthly progress payments to the contractor should never be more than 85 per cent. There should be a 10 per cent holdback until 60 days after completion to give protection against faulty workmanship, defective materials or liens by sub-contractors and laborers who have not been paid by the contractor. The further five per cent holdback making up the 15 per cent should be retained for 12 months after completion to protect against faulty workmanship or defects which may show up later.

Contract bonds are generally written for 50 per cent or 100 per cent coverage. If the price of the new house is $25,000, then a 50 per cent contract bond will give protection up to 50 per cent of this amount, or $12,500. As any failure on the part of a builder is usually in the latter half of the contract, this is reckoned fair protection. If, for instance, the builder gave up or abandoned the job halfway through, when $12,500 worth of work had been done, then the surety would take over and complete the job, in accordance with the contract for $12,500.

The cost of the contract bond premium is based on the amount of the contract, not on the amount of the bond. Premium rate is $3.50 per thousand dollars. For a 50 per cent bond the cost would be $87.50 for the $12,500 involved. All premiums on contract bonds are on an annual basis. If the house is not completed and accepted within 12 months of the inception of the bond, then a renewal premium, based on the amount of the uncompleted work remaining at the end of the 12-month period is charged at the same premium rate.

The cost of a 100 per cent bond on a $25,000 house would be $131.25. The premium rate is $5.25 per thousand dollars. This, of course, gives complete coverage at any stage of construction.

Check more than the plans.



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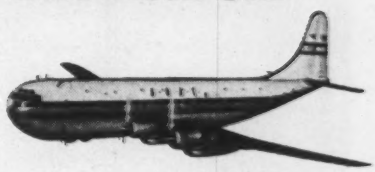

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Women

First Lady of the Senate

by Mary Lowrey Ross

Twenty-five years ago Senator Cairine Wilson made history when she was appointed Canada's first woman senator; this year, during the illness of the Speaker of the Senate, the Honorable Wishart Robertson, she became the first woman to preside over the sessions of the Upper House. Here she poses in the Speaker's chair during a lull between sittings. A quarter of a century ago a woman as Speaker would have created a furor; that it is accepted now almost without comment is a tribute to the dignity and competence that Senator Wilson has always brought to the performance of her duties.

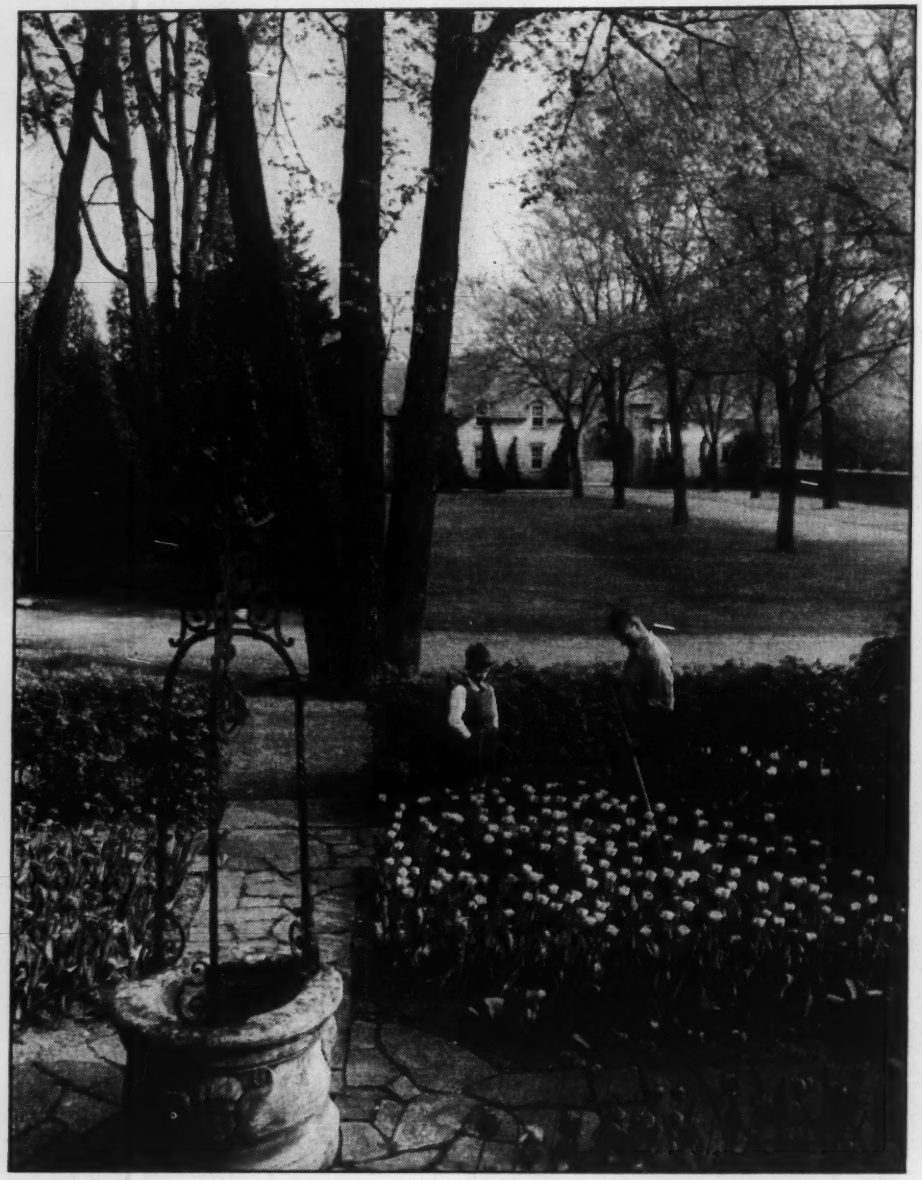
"You are going to make me the most hated woman in Canada!" Mrs. Cairine Wilson protested when the late Premier King first proposed that she enter the Canadian Senate.

Mr. King replied imperturably that she had better let him be the judge of that. He had every confidence both in Cairine Wilson's qualifications and in his own judgment. In this case he turned out to be right on both counts.

The King proposal excited a good deal of early criticism, however. There was some masculine opposition in the Senate itself, as well as considerable protest from the West, where it was felt that the appointment should have gone to Judge Emily Murphy, a tireless fighter for women's political rights, and especially for the right of a woman to sit in the Senate. But Mr. King went ahead with his plans and when the legal issue — whether women could constitutionally be regarded as persons—was finally settled, the controversy simmered down to the problem of what the Senator-elect should wear at the opening of Parliament. On this point, the press poured out columns of advice, with one group arguing that she wear strictly tailored clothes to make her inconspicuous among her fellow-senators, and the other urging full evening dress to dramatize the shattering of a precedent. Eventually the new Senator made her appearance in a simple long-sleeved blue dress which established the principle that women senators had the right to dress to suit themselves.

Another precedent was broken this spring when Senator Wilson became the first woman to preside from the Speaker's Chair in the Senate Chamber. On this occasion no one questioned the choice, and no one troubled to record what the Speaker was wearing.

Controversy and public comment have a way of dying out in Senator Wilson's quiet presence. She has, as the late Mr. King was quick to recognize, every qualification for public life—tenacity, a highly charged sense of public responsibility, and a great talent for organization. These are special gifts which, in many public figures, have a tendency to announce themselves.



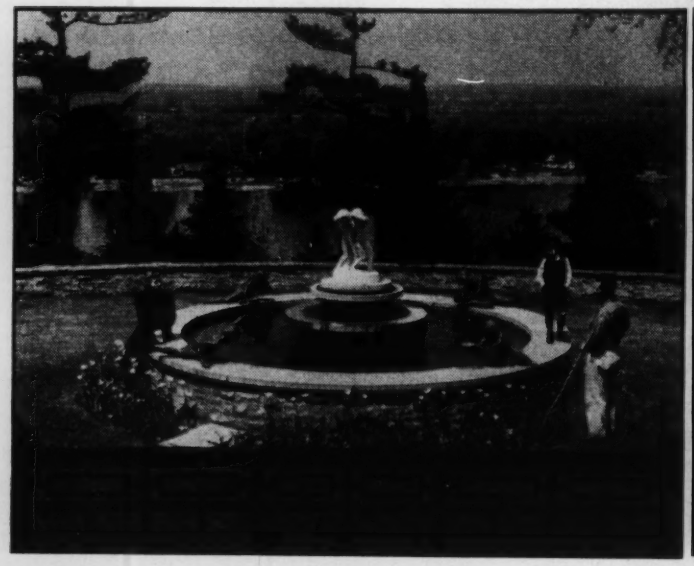
ABOVE: *Senator Wilson's home is the Manor House, a five-acre estate at Rockcliffe overlooking the Ottawa River. James Gill, a grandson, supervises the gardener.* BELOW, LEFT: *he poses on the rim of the pool and fountain designed by Felix Weihs de Weldon, watched by the senator's daughter-in-law, Mrs. Angus Wilson, and the gardener.* BELOW, RIGHT: *A garden-party in aid of the World Fund of the YWCA brings a host of visitors to the well-kept lawns and beautiful gardens.*

Senator Wilson's distinction, though unmistakable, doesn't announce itself; she has none of the watchful glint and achieved presence of the public woman who has fought her way to eminence. The Senator has never had to fight her way, and eminence for its own sake has never greatly interested her.

Cairine Wilson has always regarded public life as a compulsion rather than a career. She had, to begin with, wealth, social position and a happy family life. But she also had a restless concern with the world outside her own fortunate circle, and she has always been ready to throw her energies into the work of any public committee that compelled her sympathy. Since her sympathies are wide, the committee work has naturally been prodigious. She is, among other things, Chairman of the Canadian-American Women's Committee; President of the Princess Alice Foundation for the Training of Youth Leaders; Vice-President of the Victorian Order of Nurses; Honorary President of the Ottawa Young Women's Christian Association, of the Save the Children Fund, and the National Federation of Liberal Women of Canada.

There is little in Senator Wilson's manner to suggest the enormous drive and energy that have gone into this active life. She is gentle, relaxed, and rarely in a hurry. Easily interested, she is ready to discuss any general topic, with candor and at length. The subject she is most likely to enter into with reluctance is herself.

By temperament, Senator Wilson is a worker rather than a fighter. To the writer, who interviewed her for *The Liberal* some years ago, she admitted that she would far rather spend her energies in building up a good cause than in battling aggressively against a bad one; and this is probably the reason that she has never been an ardent feminist. Women by themselves, she feels, can do little to change the face of politics. It is a large enough task for both sexes, working to-



gether with all the wisdom and tolerance they can command. At the same time, she recognizes that women in politics are expected to muster rather more of these special qualities than men.

Since World War II Senator Wilson's chief interest, both in the Senate and in the United Nations, has been in the problem of displaced persons and immigration. She fully realizes the difficulties involved in a more generous immigration scheme; but while the elements in the situation are

Senator Wilson is decorated with the insignia of the French Legion of Honor by His Excellency, M. Hubert Guérin, the French ambassador. This was awarded for her work on behalf of French refugee children.

stubborn, so is Cairine Wilson's belief that the first law of privilege is that it must be shared. It is one of her deepest convictions.

The Wilsons live in a big house in Rockcliffe, Ottawa. It had to be big, since there were eight children to grow up in it. Most of the children are married now, but there are any number of grandchildren to return and fill the house, in addition to a constant stream of displaced persons of varying nationalities.

It is probably truer of Cairine Wilson than of most people that for her "the miseries of the world are misery" and will not let her rest. In her case the obvious remedy for both the misery and restlessness has been constant steady organization and work. Most of the work is voluntary and a great deal of it is sheer drudgery. The reward can be either the gratification of personal ambition or the sense of a quieted conscience in the face of the world's desperate need. No one who has met and known Senator Wilson has ever accused her of personal ambition.

Cairine Wilson followed family precedent both in her politics and in her senatorship. Her father, the Honorable Robert Mackay, was a Liberal Senator, and she was brought up in the political tradition of Fox and Bright, Gladstone and Morley. Her marriage to Norman Wilson, a former Member of Parliament for Russell County, increased her interest in political organization, and shortly after her marriage she joined the Women's Committee that helped to bring the Liberal Party and Mr. King into power. Later she became chairman of the Administrative Committee of the National Federation of Liberal Women of Canada.

Meanwhile, her increasing responsibilities as the mother of a growing family didn't divert her from public life—she simply drew her family into the orbit of her own enthusiasm. The Wilson home was always wide open both to youth and to ideas, and in 1930 she founded the National Organization of Young Liberals, with her own family and their friends as nucleus. On her own initiative she sent streams of young people across the country to do political field work and study the needs and opportunities of Canada. There are many mature Canadians today who learned from Cairine Wilson how to combine political enthusiasm with a sense of public responsibility. In her own mind the two qualities have always been inseparable.

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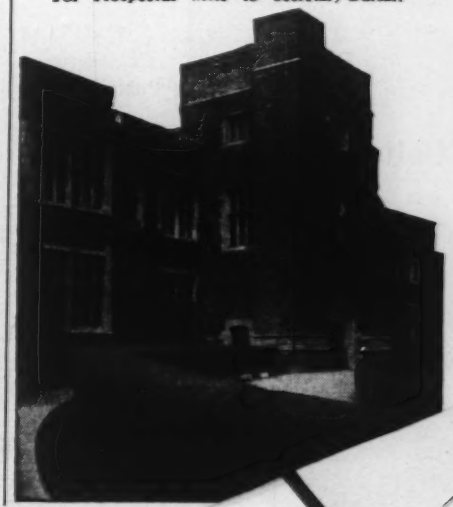

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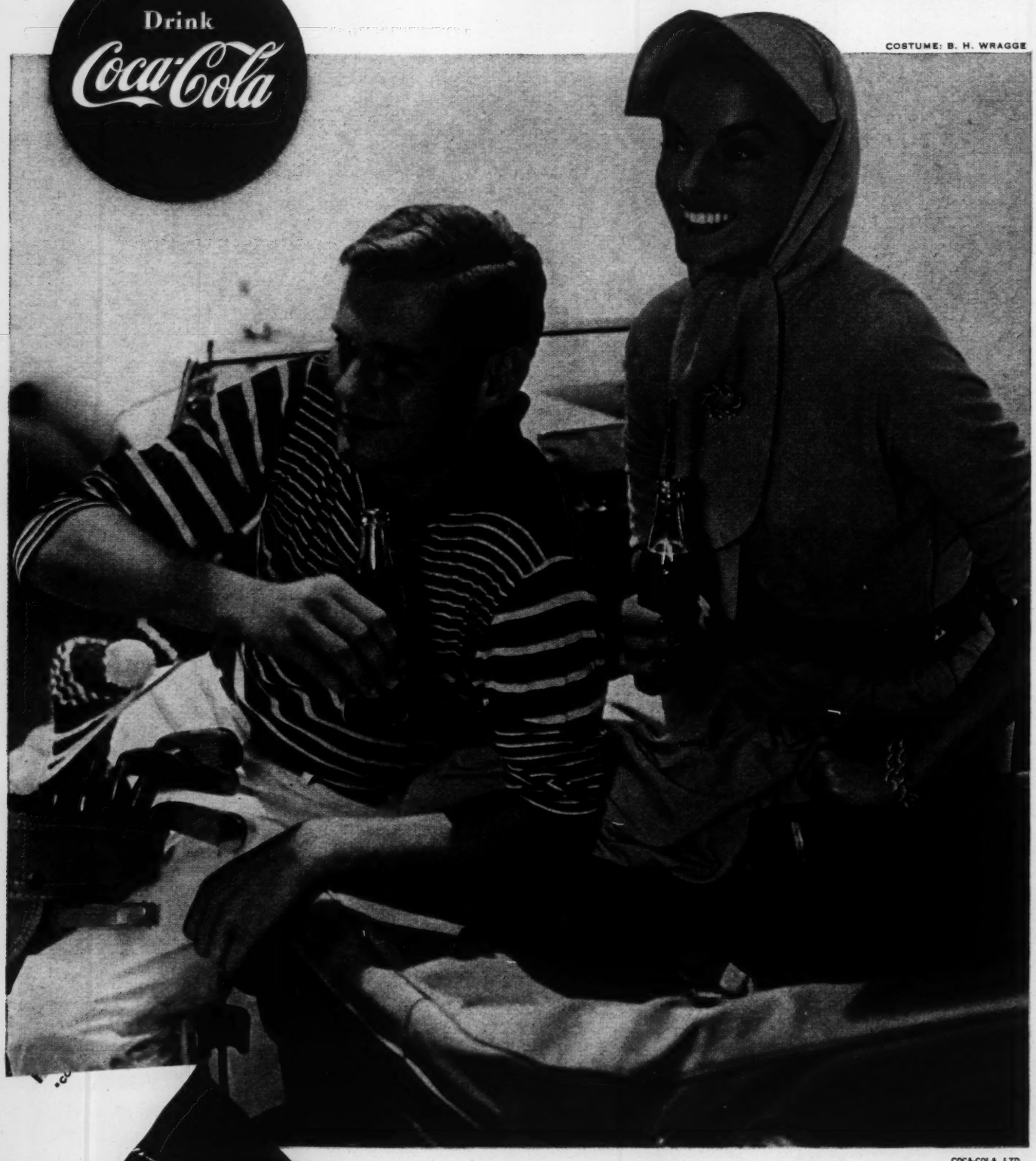

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